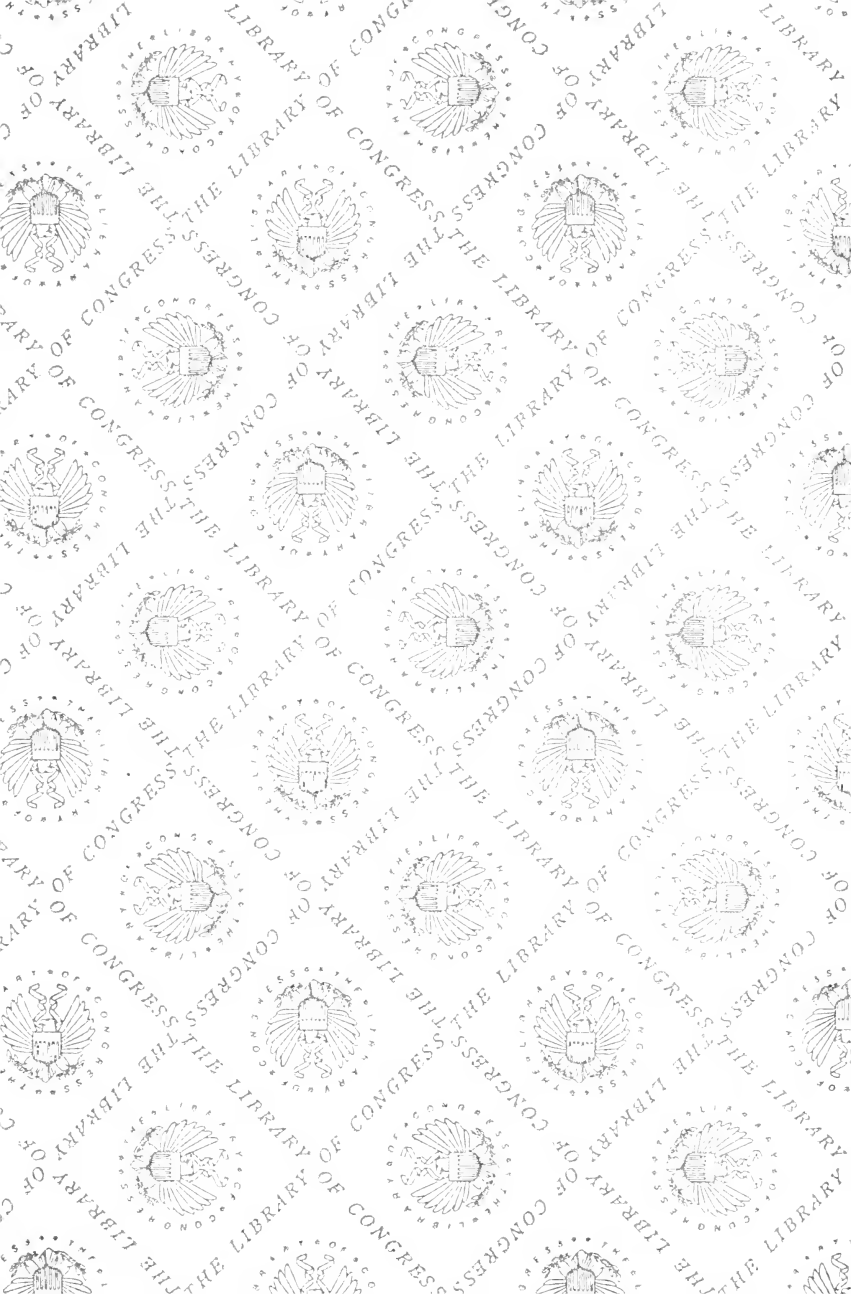
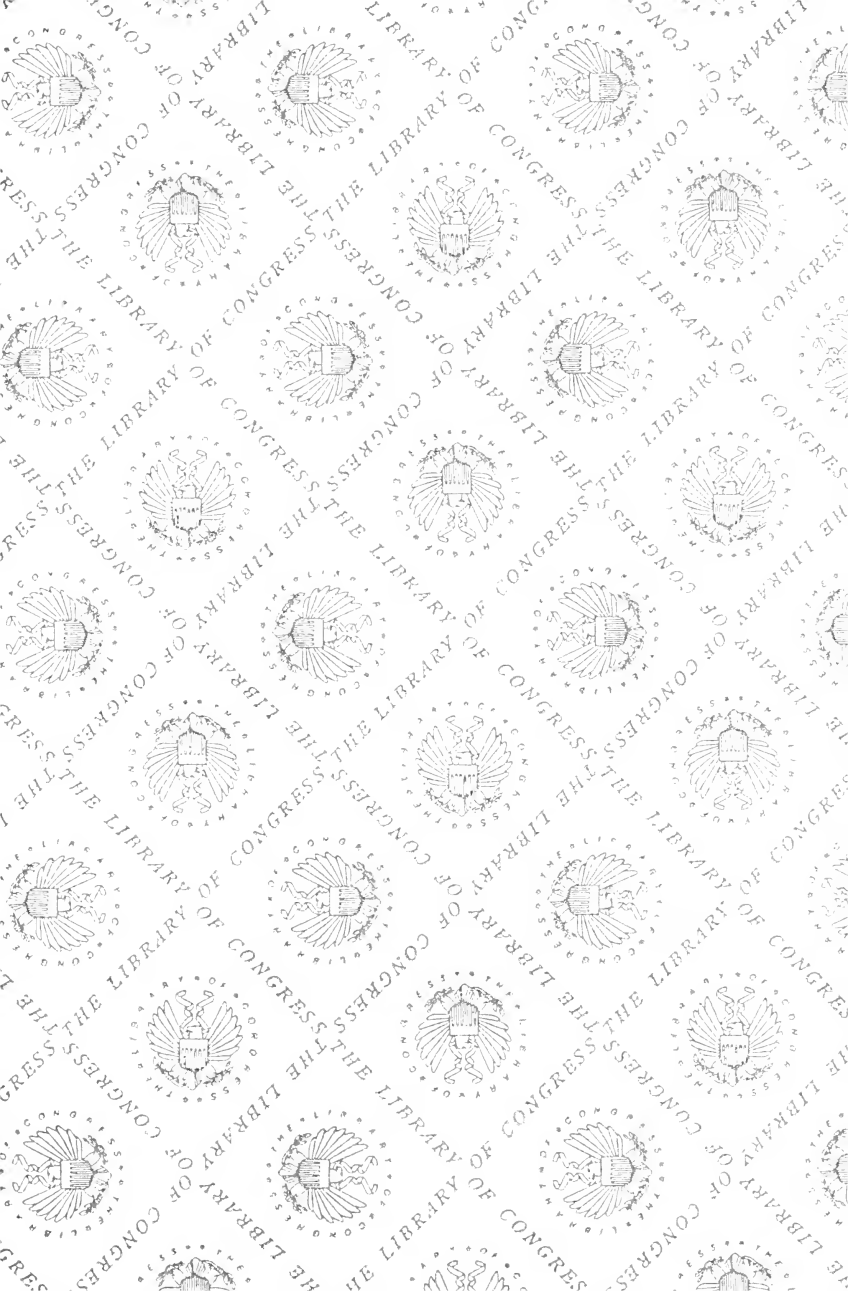


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THE ITINERARY OF AZARIAH FREJOLITY

or

What Becomes of Old Barbers

By

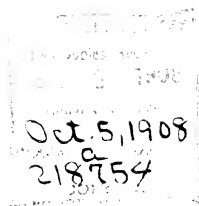
AZARIAH FREJOLITY



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WILLIAM A. AUGUSTINE

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PREFACE

The opportunity presented itself to me for composing a portion of the matters and things, ifs, ands, and wherefores, of my ten years' experience as a barber and otherwise.

The otherwise experience added to these matters and things, ifs, ands, and wherefores, will give to the barbers an idea of how I passed along the line from San Diego, California, to San Diego, California, by the way of Boston and Truxillo, Honduras, Central America; and will bring back to them their lost marbles and cause their wheels to revolve more smoothly; will also give the same results to the public at large.

Abraham Brokew, the millionaire plow maker, awarded five thousand dollars to a poor man who enlivened his declining years with cheerful stories. He well knew that a laugh not only lengthens life, but enriches it. It routs the dismal gloom shadows and lets in the sunshine.

Read Azariah Frejolity's ifs, ands, and wherefores.

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CHAPTER I.

My name is Azariah Frejolity. I was born in Southern California, down by the sad ocean waves, on March 10th, 1866. At the age of eighteen I became very much dissatisfied with my surroundings, and I determined to shake the dust off of my No. 10 cow-hides, go to some city and get a position of some kind. I had managed to save up about forty dollars, so with that and my little bundle of clothing I bid my father and mother good-bye, perhaps forever.

I did not know to what city I was going when I left home, but finally landed in San Francisco.

Before looking for a position I thought it best to get a hair cut and a shave, as I resembled a young rat around the mouth. In strolling leisurely around the city I observed a rather nice looking tonsorial parlor and in I went, stood there like a stork, first on one leg then on the other. Presently the man at the rear chair called out "next" and nodded for me to come. I went, and it was but a short time until I had told him very nearly all that I knew, and something of what I intended

doing. He seemed very much pleased with me and my ambition to do something, and asked me how I would like to learn the barber's trade? I told him all right, and that I thought I would like it very much. At that saying he hired me for a term of three years.

I learned quite rapidly, and by the time those three years had elapsed I had become a full fledged barber, able to hold any job down in the way of my profession that I might take.

I had saved in those three years of apprenticeship just seventy dollars, and being of a roaming disposition determined on a trip through a few of the states and also abroad; Honduras, Central America, being my choice of the distant countries.

Time always seemed short to me, so I mapped out my route and one that I thought would be most fortunate for me in getting employment at good wages, and to remain but one year in each city.

I am going to give the readers of this book some of my experience as a barber, and otherwise, with the haps and mishaps in a few of the principal cities of the United States and Central America.

CHAPTER II.

Leaving San Francisco, the Golden City, on April the fifteenth, 1887, for Denver, Colorado, and getting a position to my satisfaction at fourteen dollars per week, elated me with the prospects of my undertaking. I thought that pretty good for a starter, with the fun that I was having and would have when not on duty. So often while working at my chair I was asked by the trade, "what becomes of old Barbers?"

I told them that I thought they turned into Gray Horses and soldiers; for ninety per cent. of them become so in the habit of playing horse and soldiering around their chair, that they gradually drift with time and we see them no more. Where do they go? We do not hear of their death, we have not buried them, therefore, I say, some of them must be unfortunate and are pulling the drays, delivery wagons and otherwise; then corn and hay takes the place of spring chicken and porter-house steak.

Now, all you barbers that haven't as yet made this turn, beware, either quit the business or quit soldiering and playing horse while

working at your chair. This turn comes like a "thief in the night," and had I remained in the business eighteen or twenty years longer, I, perhaps, would be numbered with the old Grays and working in some elevator or farming in general.

If such had been my lot and my master had worked me on the thirteen or fourteen hour system (as I have done many a time in the different shops) and allowed me from one-half to three quarters of an hour for my corn and hay, I think at my first opportunity I would have taken a kick at his mug and then gone for some clearing.

I found in my ten years' experience as an artist that almost invariably the working proprietors of shops teach their hired help the art of playing horse and soldiering. Therefore, they are responsible for the result and should have a few Spanish Hot Drops for their tired feelings. How well I remember my second discovery of old Grays. It was in Denver during my stay there. I discovered three that had made the turn. I don't suppose I would have seen them had it not been for a fire alarm. Two of them were hitched to a hose cart and were coming down street quite rapidly, (as barbers usually do). I was standing in the shop door, and as they came up I gave them the sign. Rather a sudden stop took

place, so sudden that the driver was thrown to the street with his left arm fractured and with the Grays trying to free themselves from the grasp of four or five robust citizens. This "dido" of the Grays was a stunner to the driver. I knew the secret but kept it under my hat. I thought there might be more fun in store for me.

The third Gray was owned by a wealthy merchant in the city and kept for his family driver. Say, he was as smooth as a mole, and not a trace of a landscape could be seen on his felt. He must have been a good artist in his time, and deserved a better position than he was holding. But like lots of others, he drifted with time.

I admired the city of Denver very much, and its beautiful scenery surrounding it. But more than all, its beautiful rosy cheeked maidens who gave me comfort in times of home-sickness; which was often quite severe. I got along very nicely with the trade in the shop, barring a few little jangles which barbers usually have with swell heads and cranks. Soon my year in Denver came to a close and bidding all my friends a kind good-bye, I left for St. Louis.

On my arrival in this city, the first thing I did was to hunt up a nice, neat boarding-house, with easy terms, which I soon found.

After placing my little bundle of clothing in the chamber that I was to occupy, I meandered around a portion of the business part of the city, sizing up all the barber shops that I came to. As it was late in the afternoon I thought I would not inquire for work until the following morning. Morning came, I ate my breakfast, lit a cigar and started out. The first shop I struck was a four chaired one with a Jew as master of the situation. I asked for nothing, but turned and started out. The old Jew squalled, "you're next." I turned and said, "next to what?" "Why, next to get shaved." "Who wants to get shaved?" said I. At that he threw a large chew of fine cut tobacco at me, striking my shirt front. I picked it off, returned the fire and lodged it back of the old man's ear. Lord, but he roared, and I pushed down street toward my boarding-house like an automobile. I did not come out again until the next morning, thinking by that time all would be well.

The next shop I went into was a six chaired one with a very polite German proprietor. I noticed one of the chairs shoved to the wall, so I struck him for a job. He wanted a man and would pay me eleven dollars a week for the first two weeks, then thirteen. All right, I went to work. Liked the proprietor and hired help, they were all jolly good fellows. On

Thursday morning of the third week as I was going down to the shop, I spied four Gray horses; three of them were hitched to Express wagons, seemingly waiting for a job, and the fourth one was hitched to an ice-wagon. I, of course, meandered in that direction. When I came up to where they were standing, I stopped, feeling that I would like to know whether they had made the turn. By the way, it is easy to distinguish the difference between a horse that's been a horse from its foal and one that has made the turn—stand at the rear end of a Gray horse and say, "Spring Chicken or Hay." If he has made the turn, back will go his ears, his rear ticklers ascend heavenward, and if you are near enough to him he will give you something long to be remembered. You see, they learned this (I mean the kick) from the trade, while working at the chair. There is also another way to distinguish the difference. I'll tell you. While these four Grays were standing there in the hot sun without netting and fighting the flies to beat the band, I walked up in front of the three abreast, pulled back the right breast of my coat, disclosing to them the neck of a flask that I had in my inside pocket. They recognized the same by coughing, and their ears worked as if on joints. Of course, they knew what was in the flask, for ninety-nine out of

every one hundred have met and are thoroughly acquainted with Old John Barley Corn. I asked the man that owned them where he made the purchase? And he said at Milwaukee. I arrived at the shop quite late, had a fuss with the boss and quit work for the day.

I was working on the last chair, and the man at the second chair was also laying off that day, or afternoon rather. So we jogged along together, took a little nip of John Barley Corn, then were ready for the circus. His shop name was Shorty, and it struck him proper, for he was about as wide out as he was long. We traveled a few squares a-foot and became pretty well warmed up. Shorty puffed, blowed, wiped off the perspiration, then addressed me this way: "Say, Frejolity, let's beer up." So, the first place we came to that smelled like a saloon, in we went, and out we came, jagged up for any and all occasions. It was show day. Sells Bros. were in town. So we walked no farther, but boarded the first street car out to the show-ground. It was pretty well crowded and Shorty in some way got pushed overboard. I suppose the jag had a great deal to do with it; anyhow, the driver stopped and Shorty again boarded the car not worsted very much by the fall. It's hard to hurt a drunken man,

especially if the drunk is operating nicely. Well, we finally reached the show ground and the band was playing a swift piece. Procuring our tickets we at once entered the animal tent. Shorty had his lid pulled down over his head so far that it shoved his ears out like a couple of bats. I told him that if he did not adjust that lid to its right position and let it remain that way, I would desert him; for the guyings were getting too numerous to suit me. Well, I guess we saw the animals, although some of them were rather small for our vision. The elephants of course we could figure out all right, but the small animals and birds looked like rats and robins. We next entered the circus tent. Everything was hustle and bustle. Two rings operating in full blast. We took our position close to the ground, that means a low seat. We could see objects in the air but could not tell what they were. I asked Shorty for his opera glasses and he said "he had loaned them to his pet." "What pet do you mean Shorty?" said I.

"Oh, my little woonsey toonsey up town."

"Say, Shorty, is there a girl in this city that would insult her parents by associating with a man of your caliber?"

"Yep, she would," said he.

"Well then, Shorty, please tell the Court

her nationality, and is she a white or a colored lady?"

"Well, Mr. Frejolity, I think she has black hair and lives down on the street that runs into the boulevard."

"Say, Shorty, what in thunder is the matter with you! I don't care anything about the color of her hair, neither do I care anything about the street that runs into the boulevard. Tell me her color and nationality. I would be pleased to know what kind of a choice you have made." Just at that instant a fierce gale of wind struck the tent and I thought it would surely tear it to pieces. A panic took place with the women in the lead on the alarm. I shook Shorty, got him pretty thoroughly aroused, and by that time the rain was falling and some of the tent poles also. Unluckily for Shorty, quite a large pole broke in-two, perhaps in the middle, the upper half striking Shorty across the back of the neck, killing him almost instantly. I was awfully frightened and my jag quickly left me. I knew the charge belonged to me, so when the storm was over I phoned for the coroner and an ambulance and had him taken to his stopping place. I then telegraphed his father at Omaha, Nebraska, reported the same down at the shop, procured all of Shorty's tools, took them down to his boarding-house and

awaited the arrival of his father. He came on the following day and took the remains to its final resting place at Omaha, Neb. And this man Shorty was the second dead barber that I ever knew of. Well, I went to work the next day after Shorty was taken away and it went tough, although my razors worked nicely; for there was not one man that took my chair that made a kick.

I did not go to any more menageries or circuses for some time, but attended strictly to business. Time seemed to drag along quite slowly after Shorty's death, but my year's labor in St. Louis soon ended, and bidding my friends and acquaintances farewell, I boarded a train bound for Chicago, the Windy City.

CHAPTER III.

The first thing I did when I reached Chicago, was to find another good boarding-house. I was not much of a hotel man, as their prices on porter-house and vegetables were too rich for my stomach. Anyhow, I found a nice boarding-house and a nice German lady to board with. "By the way, her hub was a barber and running a five chaired shop pretty well out." When he came to supper I asked him if there was an opening for a man at the shop. He said there was, or would be in the morning, as one of the men would quit that night. So, in the morning the proprietor and I started for the shop. I bargained with him at twelve dollars a week and half of the excess above twenty. I had an elegant man to work for and attended strictly to business for about four months. One Monday morning I thought I would take a little outing, see what was going on, and hoped that I might find a few Gray horses or old soldiers. I was told that the city was rather swift and to watch my bearings for all kinds of funny things were liable to happen.

I had walked perhaps three squares, had

made the turn on another street and observed a small Gray coming toward me, so I stopped and waited until he came closer. "Say, he looked as though he had just returned from South Africa." I showed him the bottle and he gave that cough; that settled it. His harness was of the old style with the breeching torn in two and tied together with a piece of whang leather and he was pulling a load of old rubbish. I hailed "Hello there, Bill." He again looked my way and gave that cough the second time. He well knew that I recognized him. His Barber name was Billy Kidney from San Francisco. Poor fellow. Whenever Bill was on the hog and wanted a little coin to buy a drink, he always gave me that cough. When sober, he was an excellent barber, but his pets were many and asked too much extra work of him for the price they paid; the result was, that his week's salary averaged him but eight and one-half dollars. This was at sixty cents on the dollar. "Quite small, isn't it?" And now he is pacing here and there on his uppers. The next one that I had the pleasure of seeing,—excuse me please for using the word pleasure, but in this case it is necessary that I should—was a tall, lantern-jawed iron Gray, one that I suppose learned his trade when quite old in some Barber's school. I think he had the very cheapest of

tin razors to work with, for I could see that he had done a great deal of hard pulling in his time. Just think of it, sixty days and he had his trade complete. No wonder he was suffering with the heaves. I looked for gout but no traces of it could be found. I guess he ate oatmeal instead of cake. His right foot was twisted half way around, caused, I suppose, by locking it around the chair leg to assist him with his pulling. I think he has now returned to the farm, for he was hitched by the side of a light sorrel and to a wagon load of corn fodder with a sort of a Zeke for a driver. I hailed, "hello there, Mike." He had not forgotten his name, it was Mike Perdy. He lived and moved any place. I also met him at San Francisco before the thief came.

I said to him, "Well, Mike, you are numbered with the Grays." He nodded, "yes." I then returned to the shop, well pleased with my success. I had become somewhat acquainted with a little bit of the city, and a few brother barbers. After remaining attentive to my work for some time over three months, I then took another Monday's lay-off. I left my boarding-house at 8:30 A. M., ran pat for the Hay Market. I hadn't walked more than one square until I met a barber friend by the name of Sap that worked in the same shop that I did. He was also laying off that day.

Why, you will know later on. We had worked side by side ever since I struck the city, and after closing hours we used to stroll out together. But on this special morning he was quite cross and crabbed and looked as though he had been into a brawl of some kind. He finally told me that he had gotten into a little fuss with his girl, and that she had somewhat disfigured him. I thought so myself, for he had a long deep scratch from the outer corner of his right eye down to his lip; done I suppose with a hat pin. One corner of his moustache was also gone. The loss of that and the way it was taken out caused the blood to settle in the pores of the skin, leaving a blood shot spot just the size of the hair he had lost. No wonder he was cross. I suppose I would have been the same under the same circumstances. Anyhow, I said, "Sap, let's go take a drink, then we will wend our way down to the Hay Market."

He hesitated at first, but finally concluded to go. We took a drink, then boarded the first car out. We had just reached the second square when all of a sudden our car ran into a large gray mule, being led by a little sawed off Dutchman. It killed the mule instantly. The car went its way, but we remained for the inquest; for we discovered the turn had taken place with him. Sap said, "he must have

been employed in by-gone days, or had operated a shop in some large hotel, for his hair was parted in the middle." The Dutchman received from the company seventeen dollars and the carcass. "Who knows but what a part of that same mule came back to our boarding-house in the form of sausage or Wiener-Wurst?" We were yet two squares from the Market and no car in sight, so we concluded to walk the remaining distance. On reaching our destination we did not find it just as we expected; instead of the market being heavy it was just the reverse. Of course, we did not care to buy either corn or hay, thought perhaps we might see some old Grays that we knew, but found nothing. Sap said we were too far from Kansas City. I said, "let's take a drink; and the first car that goes our way we will go with it." While riding along the thought struck me that it would be a change to take a lay-off for four or five days, run down to Indianapolis and have a time with the little Hoosier gals. So I proposed the trip to Sap, and he almost fainted. Finally he said, "I can't leave my baby."

"Say, Sap, can't you possibly leave the kid for a few days, if you cannot, then tell me the reason why?"

He looked up with a sort of a smile on his face and said, "there is a great big puncher

that comes over here occasionally from Peoria, who is ram pat on beating my time. I must remain here to protect my interests." That remark seemed very funny to me, and I told him that by the looks of his face and with a few more scraps with that baby of his, he would soon be ready to pass in his checks. And the best thing for him to do was to give up the chase, settle down and save his money; for sometime, if he did not get money enough ahead to quit barbering, a change might take place. We had arrived at our stopping place, and with his promise that he would take my advice we parted. Morning came, and I lagged off up to the shop, meeting Sap at the door with "Hello, Sap, how are you this morning?"

"All right, Frejolity, all right."

"Then you are feeling much better than you did yesterday."

"Oh, yes, and am ready for any and everything that comes my way."

Just at that moment there was a big moon-faced Jew came in for a shave. You ought to have seen Sap squirm and twist. He combed his hair, washed his hands, brushed his shoes, and did everything possible to get out of shaving that Jew. I took the moon-face into my chair and while lathering him sang two lines of "There was an old Soldier who had a wooden leg." "Gee, but Sap got

hot. I didn't care, for I always took my men just as their turn came, until they got so numerous that I said I would do the same." So I played horse and soldier all the way to Boston, and until my year had come to a close in that same city. Sap had caught a light beard and was giving him the finishing touch, I was doing likewise on the moon. At that moment another hard beard came in. I looked at Sap, Sap looked at me. The other men that were working were not far enough along with their customers to catch the squirrel that had just entered the shop, so it lay between Sap or me to shave him. Playing horse and soldiering commenced at once. Presently Sap squalled, "Say Frejolity, how is your wooden leg?" Of course the boys in the shop laughed and so did I. But at the same time I felt a little bit warm; for without any soldiering by either of us, Sap would have caught him. Anyhow, I shaved the man, and before the day came to a close Sap had his share of the old squirrels, as I worked for them to catch his chair at any and all opportunities. Sap's supply of razors was limited. I think he had three, perhaps four, and the work in the shop that day had been a rusher; not giving him a chance to touch them up. The result was, they became quite smooth before the shop closed. The last man he caught that night was a youngish

like fellow, wearing a silk hat, kid gloves, cane in one hand, cigarette in the other. There were three of the chairs idle and of the three he chose Sap's; that pleased me, for I saw at a glance that he must be handled with care or he would burst. Sap adjusted his chair and his man went into position for the operation. Placing the towel (which was a little small), around his neck, not quite covering his shirt front, he then prepared his lather and commenced. The first lathering was all right, but during the second lathering after the rub, he raised with his brush quite a good sized piece of soap which fell from his brush, struck the dude's shirt front, slipped down under his vest and displayed quite a good deal of lather as it went. It was then eight o'clock; the key had been turned in the door and the dude was reading Sap the riot act. He would not accept of an apology from Sap, and the argument was waxing warm. I thought I would not retire from the shop but wait the result, as my services might be needed. I never was known to desert a brother workman although he be in the wrong; that is, in a civil case. Presently Sap caught him under the gill with the fingers of his left hand, giving him a severe slap in the face with his right. The dude made a struggle for liberty, broke a set of three dollar bottles and cracked a fine French plate mirror. Sap loosened, and

they clinched. It was nip and tuck for a while, finally Sap pressed his thumb in the dude's eye and in some way the dude caught Sap's little finger between his teeth, and both yelled like Indians. When we thought they had gone far enough we separated them. The dude looking like a fit subject for a poor house, while Sap made his exit out of the back door, looking very much the same. We tried to scare the dude into a settlement for the broken mirror and bottles, but he would not; and went out of the shop with revenge on his lips and his overcoat pockets filled with hair and old shaves.

He never came back while I remained in that shop, but Sap turned up the next morning all O. K. Always after that Sap would tell us what he would have done with that fellow had we not parted them. Just two weeks from the time of that fight my year in Chicago came to a close, and I would soon leave the Windy City which I did not care to do. I thought a great deal of my proprietor, also the hired help; for we all got along so nicely together. Of course, we would have a flare-up occasionally, but no hard feeling ever followed.

As far as the city of Chicago is concerned, she's a city long to be remembered by Azariah Frejolity.

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning of my departure from Chicago, I went down to the shop. Bidding Mr. Reaves and the hired help good-bye, I started for Cincinnati, the Queen City. Arriving there in good shape I boarded a car for Fountain Square. At this square I stepped from the car feeling quite hungry and dirty and thought a little refreshments would be a good thing, after which I would get a hair cut and a shave, then have my clothes brushed up nicely. The first Inn I came to, in I went, sat down at a table and ordered an oyster-stew and a bottle of champagne. Of course, as I had never indulged in that beverage before, supposed it was about the same price as a bottle of beer. So I ate my oysters and drank my champagne, then I was ready to settle and said to the clerk, "How much do I owe you?"

His reply was, "let me see, one bottle of champagne and one oyster-stew. Five dollars and twenty-five cents."

I thought to myself as I settled the bill, Great Guns, I'm being robbed. I then said to him, "What kind of material is that, that I just swallowed?"

“Well, my friend,” said he, “that is rather the best champagne that we can get, and we have profited by the sale we made to you just seventy-five cents.”

I felt quite sassy and remarked that I would furnish him with a carload of hard cider at five dollars a barrel. He warmed up and so did I. He finally struck at me and his fist hit a passing breeze almost unjointing his shoulder. Well, I thought I had gone about far enough as I did not care to do anything that would cause my arrest. I went out growling as usual and believed at that time that I would never again order anything different from hop tea. I felt that I had lost a friend, and I guess I did. For I always found that my money always served me better than any living friend. On reaching the street I began to figure how to get part of that robbery back. I was determined to play part way even and would do so in the way of a hair cut and shave. I would just hunt up that Barber's School and get my work done gratis, as I always had a desire to visit such a place of slaughter any way. So I made inquiry of a smallish like lad who was passing along the street with a bundle of papers under his arm, and his answer was, “How the h— do I know, I'm selling papers?” I thought that sounded pretty fair, not any too fair, but fair enough for his

training. So I inquired of a gentleman seemingly at leisure. He gave me the street and number, and on entering that tonsorial parlor I met ten or twelve farmer barbers waiting for a victim. I took the first chair I came to and was right at that instant resting quite easy, for the slaughter had not yet commenced. "A hair cut and shave, please," said I.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir;" said the farmer "and shall I use the clippers?"

"Oh no, just a light trim."

The spread was adjusted and the slaughter began. In just thirty minutes my hair was cut. Then for the shave. An old dirty towel was placed around my neck, back went the chair and up went the head-rest. I thought to myself, farewell to the sad ocean waves, but said nothing. All ready boys, and the way his knife butchered downward was a caution. The first incision that I felt was in front of my right ear caused by the point of his knife. I imagined it to be about one inch in length. I said nothing, and on down to the point of my chin he went, then made a curve down under my jaw taking off quite a large mole. I thought if I escaped it might be a good time to apply for a pension; that the Government would not have known but what I received those wounds in the Wilderness fight. I must admit that I have soldiered quite a

good deal during my existence here on this little whirling ball of ours, but thanks to all nations, kindred and tongues, I never was a butcher. Well, the corn-husker that was trying to shave me had passed over on the other side of my face and was moving along like an eclipse on the sun. Perhaps it was such, if so, it was not quite total. The pulling, cutting, scratching and scraping of his razor was hurting me like sin. I said to him, "What brand of razor have you there?" In reply he said, "Well sir, that is what I call a Loco."

"Oh yes, Loco, that means motion? Let me look at that knife please, as its work reminds me very much of an old-fashioned harrow that Pap used to use on his little farm way down by the sad ocean waves. It has the color of silver steel, but its weight is that of second grade tin."

The expression on his face changed from corn-cob molasses to that of hard cider. He filled an old sponge with my blood corpuscles and then said:

"Stranger, where do you live, and where are you going?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Scaper, I am from way out by the sad ocean waves and am journeying slowly for the city of Truxillo, Honduras." Honduras was a sticker for him, but he finally said, "In the name of mud, where is Truxillo,

Honduras?" I had become considerably discouraged and thoroughly disgusted with him and my disfigurements, and to make a long story short I told him that Honduras was way over there back of the moon. He got red, white and blue in his face, and replied:

"Say, Mr. Man, don't get funny or I'll take a punch at your mug."

He had gotten once over when this conversation took place, and I told him that I did not think he could disfigure my mug much more than it was, if he did take a punch at it. I was a fright, looked as if I had been out in the brush and bramble snipe hunting, and that I was the one that got worsted. He finally smashed me one under the right eye, and I fell overboard on the floor. Rising to my feet, I at once grabbed the first thing in sight that was throwable, which was a small earthen cuspidor. It missed the scoundrel and struck a row of cheap bottles on the next shelf, or stand. I was considerably excited, and fearing the police I grabbed my coat and hat, then got a Chicago move on me for the door. And by the way it sounded there must have been a half dozen of those bloodthirsty Arabs after me. Bad luck seemed to stand in my way, for just at the time I thought my escape sure, I came in contact with a big Irish policeman and he took me in. With all

my explanations to him he remained as firm as a bull pup; and took me to the station. And that station was the first hotel I put up at in Cincinnati.

The next morning I sallied forth to take my medicine and the first question the Judge asked me was, "What is your name and where do you live?"

"Your honor," said I, "my name is Azariah Frejolity, and I live here, there and over yonder." He studied a moment, then said:

"Well, that's rather a peculiar name indeed, and you live wherever you stop? What is your occupation?"

"That of a barber, sir. And while jogging along I am keeping an eye on the old Gray horses."

"Oh, then I shall consider you a horse thief, shall I?"

"No, sir, I do not belong to that class; I am a gentleman."

"Well, but how about this Gray horse business, I don't fully understand?"

"Your honor," said I, "you probably understand all that you will ever understand by me. I am not here to give you the history of my life, please give me my fine and costs, I will pay you and retire from this court, as I have other business of more importance to attend to."

"Well, yes, by your looks," said the Judge, "I would imagine that you have a great plenty of business to attend to. Well, Mr. Frejolity, one more question and you will be discharged. Are you guilty of being drunk and disorderly?"

"Your honor, I am not guilty of being drunk, but I might have been a little disorderly. I always was and I always will be, just noisy enough to try and protect myself in case of emergency. But I find that strangers mingling with strangers in this glorious land of ours, must suffer the results of their own protection. So, Mr. Judge, you just blaze away and I'll act my part as a gentleman."

"All right," said the Judge, "and now, Mr. Frejolity, as you are a stranger in our city, and met with a little misfortune, I will recognize you to be a truthful man and one that will make a very good citizen in your profession; so I'll make your fine and costs just as light as possible which will be three-sixty." I thanked him and handed over the stuff that gave me my freedom. Bidding the Judge adieu, I squeezed my carcass through a surging mass of hobos, and made a bee-line for some sort of a place to harbor and eat during my first and last year in Cincinnati. I soon found a very good boarding-house at four dollars per week, took it in and paid for one week

in advance; as I had no baggage worth while speaking of, and my tools I carried in my pockets. The first thing I did before I looked for a job was to doctor up the slashes or cuts that were scattered promiscuously over my face. And the eye that that corn-husker hit me in, was of course, just about closed up. I must also get him open. Well, with plenty of warm water and a piece of Castile soap I managed to wash out every cut and bruise downward and around to that eye, which was the last organ I operated on. It was but a few days until I was all right and in good condition to go to work. I was determined to find a job at good wages, if I had to wait two weeks to get it. A scab shop I never worked in and I never would. I'll feed swine first. So, on Wednesday morning I made the start and found a position in the third shop that I struck at twelve dollars a week; it being a seven chaired shop and a beaut. I got along with the trade very nicely, also with the proprietor and hired help, but as the old saying goes, "A little jangle now and then is relished by the best of men." Sundays were the only days that I had out of the shop for very near five months, and I hardly knew what Cincinnati looked like. I had of course, become acquainted with a number of artists outside of our shop, and whenever or wherever we went,

we usually had a good time. Well, I finally concluded to take a day off (which was Monday of course), and felt that I was in good condition to meet all comers and goers. So after breakfast I started for the Zoological Garden; that is, I started, but thought I would look around awhile, that I might strike a friend at leisure to pass along the line with me. I found no one; so I took a car and went alone. I don't think I had been in the garden more than twenty minutes until I heard a voice that sounded familiar to me and was saying, "Hello, there, Frejolity!" I turned to the call and to my surprise I was within a few paces of an old friend of mine from San Francisco; and was the last man I would have looked for. I took him by the hand and we were as happy as a pair of millionaires. This man's name was Rhiney for short and Raymond for long. He was one of our customers when I was learning my trade, and was at that time what I called an all-around man and fortunate enough not to be a barber. Now what I mean by an all-around man is a sport, or Tiger Bucker. Always got money and out for a good time. I finally said, "Here Rhiney, be seated on this bench and we will have a little chat of by-gone days. When did you leave San Francisco, and where have you been?"

"Say, Frejolity, I can hardly tell you; a while here, and a while there. Am here in this city on a visit, and looking around you know. I am making my home at present at Indianapolis, and will return to that city this evening. Have now been here about one week. Am sorry that we did not meet ere this, for our time together will be short, when it should have been the reverse. I left San Francisco just one year later than you did. And you have now been absent from there close on to four years."

"That's right, Rhiney, but how do you know so much with your coat tail off?"

"Say, Frejolity, don't get funny, I see the old scamp sticks in you yet. How often I have thought of the cruelty you played on old Daddy Gray-back, out there in Frisco. Do you remember how he used to run out his feeler around the edges of his cavity to find if you had dug out all the bristles?"

"Rhiney, I believe that I have forgotten that circumstance."

"Oh, no, Frejolity, you haven't, you can't come that on me. One day you were shaving him, out came that feeler and was traveling its course upward, downward and roundward. You made a pass at it, and caught the same on the point of your tally-ho. In it went like

an alligator catching flies. He never came back."

"Yes, Rhiney, I think I remember the circumstance now. I used to get so out of patience with him, and yet, I liked the old fellow. Now, Rhiney, you must not go after me too hard or I might remind you of an original circumstance on yourself."

"Oh, no, Frejolity, I am an angel you know, and before you shall say anything about me or my character, I will just remind you of another little circumstance, for you know there are lots of circumstances in this world. Anyhow, this happened in the same shop and about the wind-up of your career in Frisco. You know you left in a few days after that for Denver, Colorado."

"All right, Rhiney, go on with your little jokes."

"Jokes, your neck, its a fact. I think it was on Tuesday. I was in the shop at the time. A big Jew came in for a shave. He was a traveling man, and caught your chair. If you remember the plate front was quite low, and yours was the first chair. Think it stood a little less than three feet from the window. You had the Jew lathered and half shaved. He was and had been kicking on your razor hurting him, and that it was too dull to cut Limburger cheese."

"Now, Rhiney, I don't know about that, I never had much trouble in that way."

"Hold on now Frejolity, you must wait. Just at that moment a dog fight started on the outside just in front of the window. You was working on the right side of your chair, the left side of his face, and the second time over. The fight became fast and furious. You raised your knife off of his face and on an angle with the Jew's nose and was watching the fight. The Jew, also, became interested and wanted to see it, and in turning his head caught the tip end of his smeller on the edge of your tally-ho, taking off a small slice of rind about the size of a shirt button. The dog fight ended then and there as far as yourself and the Jew were concerned. You at once laid down your tally-ho with the slice of the rind still sticking to the blade and the way you went for the back door was a fright, taking your coat and hat as you went. I followed you out as far as the alley, and there I lost your track."

"Say, Rhiney, did you see that big Irish policeman make a dash for me? I expect he thought I was some escaped lunatic. Nevertheless, whenever one of those fellows get me on an occasion of that kind, or otherwise, where I would be liable to get my face polked, then you will see me take that old

time pace to an exit of some kind. I now remember the circumstance. Say, Rhiney, what did that Jew say?"

"Well, Frejolity, he reminded me very much of old man Johnson's bull, and the shop looked like a slaughter house. Blood all over the floor, towels, lap spreads, etc. I touched up his wound with a little styptic powder to check its bleeding, then he did roar, and drew back to strike me down, but Sam caught his arm. He finally quieted down, took his slice of rind that was stuck to your blade, and started for a doctor's office."

"Say, Rhiney, here comes an old Gray with meat for the lions. Just size up that move. Doesn't he remind you of the old noodle that run a little one chaired shop down in the neighborhood of Chinatown?"

"Well, I should say so; isn't he a darling? Suppose I jog his memory just for a little fun?"

"Oh, no, Rhiney, don't say anything, for he eats hay in this city. I am told that the Cincinnati Grays get awfully mad when you give them to understand that you are on to the turn, and I don't care about having any more trouble in Cincy for at least a few days."

"Say, Frejolity, I wonder if there are many old Grays and old soldiers in this city?"

"I'm sure I don't know Rhiney, but think

I have discovered some seven or eight of the Grays skating around the village, and a whole regiment of soldiers. I'll test some of them before I leave for New Orleans." It was then one P. M. We had held that seat down until hunger had taken possession of our stomachs, and our excessive talking without drink had evaporated all the secretions within us; so it was high time to eat and drink; and we left the Garden for refreshments; after which we again returned and made a tour of the grounds. How sweetly the time did pass, and with a friend from California, my boyhood home. We were were both highly pleased with Cincinnati's Zoological Garden, rather the finest either of us had ever visited. It was getting along toward six P. M., and Rhiney's train would leave for Indianapolis about seven-thirty. So we boarded the first car for the city. I took Rhiney with me to supper, and while eating he proposed that I go with him to Indianapolis, that he would show me a time long to be remembered; that he had a nice little girl for me, and for himself, the sweetest little redhead that treads the Hoosier soil. Well, I thought if such was the case I would go and remain with him one day and one night. On our way to the train I reported at the shop that I was going over into Indiana; probably land down in Posey County or the City of

Hosh Kosh, but I did not; I went to Indianapolis with my friend, stopped with my friend, and arrived in the city too late for us to use our war paint that night. On the following day Rhiney escorted me around and made all arrangements for a real time in the evening. That was on Tuesday, and his arrangements turned out like a house built on the sand, they fell, and great was the fall thereof. I felt very much disappointed, think Rhiney felt quite the same. Anyhow, morning came and we were still in the city, and free from the prison bars of Indianapolis. Whenever I looked at Rhiney I would have to laugh. The misfortune that came to him on our first and last night of outing together at Indianapolis of which I will give you in full, later on. With Rhiney's promise that he would pay me a visit some time during my stay in the city of New Orleans, I bid him good-bye.

Arriving at Cincinnati in time to take my place at the chair at the hour of twelve-thirty P. M. Standard time, I worked faithfully and to the interest of the proprietor for another five months, then arranged for a two days' lay-off. I had formed the acquaintance and friendship of a barber by the name of Charley Vanostrim, from Cleveland, Ohio. His shop name was "Possum." So Possum and I took a

two days' lay-off and boarded the first car for Covington, Ky. On our arrival in that city, I told Possum that he being pretty well acquainted I would expect him to take the lead and show me a good time.

"All right," said Possum, "follow me. We will first go to the hotel bar, have a drink of good old Bourbon, then wash up, brush up, shine up, and down to Blofogel's we will go. Old Dutch you know."

"Yes, I know, don't you remember Mr. Possum, the night you and I were sitting at a table in that place having a little lunch and a cocktail for the rinse, and up stepped a big Irishman by the name of Flaheand said to me, 'Say, me friend, did you iver kiss the Blarney stone?' The reply I gave him was, 'Well I should say I have.' At that he picked up my cocktail and drank it."

"Well, no, Frejolity, I don't just remember. Did you swell up?"

"Did I swell up? Say, Possum, does a bicycle tire swell up when air is pumped into it?"

"I expect it does, but Frejolity, that's got nothing to do with this case, you must be careful or he will bump you again on your smeller."

"Oh, no, Possum, I guess not. I got that bump giving him a chase down through his

lot. You see, I was just squeezing Dollie up a little closer to me as the old cocktail thief entered the room. He saw me and made a rush in that direction but I had gone down through the lot at the speed of a grayhound. I must have knocked down at least four rows of corn, and did not stop until I struck a large pear tree standing in the rear end of the lot. When I struck that tree I went into a trance. When I awoke the next morning, the sun was shining and I was lying in the midst of a lot of rag weeds and Spanish needles. Fortunately there was a board off of the fence and I made my exit to the alley without being detected. When I reached that alley I felt just about as happy as if I had gotten off of some burning deck. You see, Possum, I was treading on the old Irishman's territory. And that old cocktail thief is Dollie's Pa is he?"

"Sure thing, Frejolity."

"Well, he doesn't recognize me anyway, and we will run no risk but push right out of this place of Blofogle's and talk as we jog along. I would like to see Dollie once more, but her Pa is too heavy to suit me."

"Say, Frejolity, you speaking of the corn you knocked down that night reminds me of a little remark that Dollie made to me shortly after that happened."

"Well, Possum, what was it?"

"Why, she said there had been an old horse in their garden and everything in it was frightfully demoralized."

"Oh yes, her Papa, the old thief, caused it all. Did she say it was a Gray horse?"

"I don't just remember that, but I think she did."

"Well, Possum, I think she didn't. You are just kidding me. Nevertheless, a horse with four legs, one on each corner, could never have caught me that night. Oh, of course, after I struck that pear tree the race was all off. You still remember how I was done up, don't you, Possum?"

"Well yes, should say I do. Your face reminded me of a chrysanthemum with a part of its foliage torn off. Hello, say, Frejolity, here comes Dollie and Sybill now."

"That's right, now Possum, we will not say anything of the past, remember."

"All right, face down. Shall I introduce you to the ladies?"

"Now Possum, what is getting the matter with you? No, if they have forgotten me in a few months, let them pass by. Say, Possum, it seems as though there is a cord of wood running up and down my back."

"I expect Mr. Frejolity, that its that pear tree seeking a hiding place along your spinal

column. Here they are, heads up." Just one glance from the girls and they both in unison cried out: "Oh, my, Frejolity and Possum, How-de-do, How-de-do. Four glad hearts had met, and talking was at a premium for at least twenty minutes; then the chatter subsided somewhat. Dollie and I strolled off together, with Sybill and Possum following suit. We escorted the ladies wherever there were refreshments to be had. Possum and I were getting pretty well filled up, about all our trousers would hold; and concluded to wind up the fill-in with a glass of something stronger than soda water. You see, it was a very warm afternoon and we all perspired quite liberally. Our next stop was at a drug store. I ordered some more of old mother Lenox's soap-suds and at the same time tipping the clerk with a silver dollar. He knew the rest. Possum and his girl fared sumptuously, for theirs was thoroughly mixed up with old peach brandy, while Dollie's and mine was not of a fighting nature. Anyhow, we were all four walking along on one of the principal streets with Possum and his girl in the lead, while Dollie and I were bringing up the rear, putting in the best of time talking of the past, and of a date for that same evening. Just then I heard the scream of a woman. It was Sybill. Possum had fallen through a

coal scuttle hole and gone down below. The two girls walked away together, while I remained to help Possum out of his trouble. He was rather a dirty looking object. Coal dust for further orders. And his peach brandy still remained with him. We went into a near-by barber shop and while Possum washed and brushed himself I took a once over shave. We were then ready to fall in line with the girls again. All ready boys; but the birds had flown; and by the request of Dollie's papa. I of course knew that I did not dare to go to her home, and more than that I had not forgotten that pear tree at the rear end of their lot. So our plans were all off for that evening and all on account of Possum's awkwardness in falling through that cussed coal scuttle hole. Possum and I were standing in front of a cigar store talking over the calamity, and the longer we talked the madder I got. I felt revengeful and thought I must do something. The Indian was the mightiest object to me and I kicked him out into the gutter, took a short cut back through the store, down an alley, and caught a car for Cincinnati. The last I saw of Possum was the start he made. Say, it was a pippin, and if he lives to make the turn I'll purchase him for the track. I expect he thought I would follow him but I thought different. Our trip being such a complete

failure I concluded that I would only take the one day off, so the next morning I went to work again. A couple of days after that as I was on my way to dinner I saw Possum passing along on the opposite side of the street and I hailed him in this way: "Hey there, Possum, how's the Indian?" and this was his reply, "Very much Upper Sandusky." I did not catch on to what he was driving at when he said "very much Upper Sandusky," but thought it was something new that he had caught on to.

My time in Cincinnati was fast passing away, and I would soon become a citizen of the sunny South. But two more weeks and two more Sundays remained for me in that city, and I must use those Sundays to a good advantage. My first Sunday I would spend by going to Cedar Point. A point of land some place on Lake Erie and a memorable lake on account of the victory of Commodore Perry. For without a doubt, he alone turned the tide and saved our beautiful country from the land-grabbers of Europe.

Sunday morning came and I did not care to stay it to Cedar Point, so I decided to take my little black-eyed girl with me. Her name was Hortense Austin. And by hustling a little we made the train all O.K. Gliding along over the C. H. & D. R.R. up to Toledo, Ohio,

where we took the boat for Cedar Point. Reaching the Point, we at once had refreshments. By the way, at that same table we met a lady from Upper Sandusky, Ohio. That's a little Indian village on the plains of Wyandott County so I was told; and at present on the hog. If the reader remembers one page back, I spoke of kicking a wooden Indian that stood in front of a cigar store out into the gutter for Possum's benefit. That circumstance occurred over in Covington, Ky., and that I afterward spied Possum passing along on the opposite side of the street from me and hailed him with a "Hello there, Possum, how's the Indian?" His reply was, "Very much Upper Sandusky." So you see, all things come to those who wait. After refreshments we rubbered around for a while, then slid down hill on a wire; just once. Then went in bathing. Hortense slipped off of a large rock and drank I suppose, a gallon of lake water before I got to her rescue. You see, she could not swim, and reached that rock on the shallow side, and slipped off on the deep side. Everything was nothing. Out we came, off with our bathing suits, and took a bee-line for the boat. I think we had, that is, I had an elegant time on that Island. Its a good place for recreation. Time

was up, the boat whistle blew and we were off for the city of Toledo. When about half way a gale struck us, I mean the boat. Hortense's stomach became a little riled up. I insisted that she take a drink of Irish whiskey, that I was harboring three of them in me; thinking that what was good for me was good for her also. But no, she wouldn't even smell of the cork. All she done the balance of the way to Toledo was to get her mouth over the railing of the upper deck and make ugly faces. I was happy when we reached that city and happier than that when our train whizzed into Cincinnati. For the pleasure on our return home was very monotonous; caused I suppose, by Hortense filling in on too much lake water. I arrived at the shop the next morning about as fresh as a stale oyster, but with the satisfaction of knowing that in one more week I would start for the Crescent City. During my last week in that shop it was all argument as to whether old barbers actually did turn into Gray horses. They all admitted that they did not see nor hear anything of the old barbers either dead or alive, but the soldier barbers could be counted by the hundreds. Well, to convince the boys that there *might* be something in it, I slipped on my coat, stepped out on the sidewalk intending to try

and prove my argument to them. They were all watching me but did not know what I intended to do. Presently along came quite a large iron Gray hitched to a delivery wagon. I whistled, caught his eye, pulled out the flask, but he passed it by without the least sign of recognition. The boys laughed and so did I. But wait, they are not all of them old Grays. In just a few moments two more came along; one hitched to a coal wagon and the other one to a sewing machine wagon. At a proper distance before they came up to me I again whistled. Both of them looked in the direction from whence the sound came. I shook the flask and they made a start my way. The one hitched to the coal wagon was driven by a lad perhaps seventeen years old, while the other one was in charge of a large robust man. Well, the old Gray that the boy handled reached me first. I pulled the cork, held the flask, and the old Gray drank the contents quicker than you could say "Jim Crow." I pulled his little thin whiskers and said, "Say, Bolivar, how do you like the change?" He shook his head "no." Then I said, "You still appreciate a good drink yet, don't you?" He nodded that he did. "Now, Bolivar, I suppose you were about sixty years old when the thief came

along and took from you your liberty?" and he nodded yes.

"Bolivar, did you ever work in Toledo, O.?" He shook his head no. "Perhaps then it was Dayton or Columbus, O.?" He nodded no to that. For the last time I said, "It must have been some village over in Indiana or Michigan; perhaps it was Hoshkosh or Kalamazoo?" To that he coughed and nodded his head yes. I was then ready to ask a few questions of the other Gray, but he left immediately after he saw Bolivar swallowing the stuff. He also left the wagon and driver very much broken up one square away.

I returned to the shop feeling perfectly satisfied with my success, and the boys all felt sad at heart thinking that the time *might* come when they would make that same turn. This turn has been a secret for quite a number of years, and was first discovered in San Francisco one moonlight night by Azariah Frejolity.

On my last Sunday forenoon I went to hear Robert Ingersoll lecture. In the afternoon and evening I enjoyed myself with my little lady that I had with me down to Cedar Point. I left her with tears in my eyes, "I guess not." On Monday I concluded that my pockets were getting rather small for my possessions, so bought me quite a nice little valise to help me

out. When it was packed and I was ready to go, I went to the shop to bid my friends and enemies a last good-bye, but did not get to see my friend Possum. I will just say for the benefit of myself, that the friendship I have for Cincinnati is great. She is an all-around up-to-date village, and not on the hog.

CHAPTER V.

I arrived in the City of New Orleans in very good shape. The only trouble I had was watching my little valise. They take lots of care. That is, you must guard them closely as they are liable to walk away with another man. Had I carried the coin I had saved in that valise, it would have stolen a march on me sure. I understood the worth of a dollar and so arranged its safety on paper that I could draw when and wherever I might see fit. People who spend all their earnings don't appreciate its worth until misfortune befalls them, then its too late. I made up my mind when I left San Francisco, that I would arrange it so that all the extra money that I might have on hand I would at once exchange for bank paper and keep up the good cause until I was ready to leave Boston Harbor for Truxillo, Honduras, Central America. I did this, and am glad that I did; for otherwise I would have been stranded in Boston, and all hopes of ever seeing Honduras would have been crushed to mother earth. I did not look for work in the Crescent City for two days after my arrival there. I first found a

place to board with a private family, then rubbered around a city that would almost give a stranger the cholera morbus at first sight. I stayed there one year and learned to love that city and its people with all my heart. When I was ready to go to work I found it somewhat difficult to get a job at a salary that just suited me, but finally accepted a position in a three chaired shop at sixty cents on the dollar; netting me twelve dollars per week. That was all right. I had been, and was this time, lucky in getting a nice clean shop in which to work, and a clean proprietor. What I mean by a clean proprietor is this: to treat their hired help with respect, and to be liberal minded with their faults and misfortunes. I had been doing in this shop as in all others, attending strictly to business. As to the trade, it was about the same in one shop as in another. The Lord has scattered the cranks broadcast over our land to give each and every barber a chance to test his temper and staying qualities. I am alluding to a class of trade that barbers with experience can tell the moment they enter the shop, and just what the barber must do to be saved. Saved from what? Why, from their wrath and the wrath of their proprietors. Customers that don't know the difference between a razor that scratches the face or pulls it, and

that bright steel will not carry parasites if properly attended to, and that parasite eczema originates from inoculation and is termed barber's itch, should keep their opening closed in regards to the profession.

I had been in the city just six months, and arriving at my boarding-house that evening, found that the postman had been there and left me two letters. One from my father, the other one from my old friend, Rhiney, of Indianapolis. This is what Rhiney said:—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., September, 17, 1892.

My Dear Frejolity, it seems like an age since we mingled in the Zoo together, also in this city. If nothing prevents larger than an Irishman I'll be with you on or about October 1st of this year. . Yours,

RHINEY.

“Let's see, on or about October 1st, yes, that's all right, it will suit me nicely, in fact, any time would suit me.” I was not out calling every afternoon like my girl in Cincinnati used to do. I will also read you my father's letter. My parents were always kind-hearted, and true to everybody; and to myself the same. You see, its an old saying and its true, “That kind words can never die.” Say, whenever you see a person that is ready and willing to help the poor forsaken outcast, and others

that are in trouble and distress, then you have found a person that is happy and one who has a bright prospect for a happy home in the hereafter.

SACRAMENTO CITY, CAL., Sept. 13th, 1892.

My Dear Son:—

A little difficulty in the way of a business transaction has brought me to this city. Will remain here about three days. There will be a part of my time that I will be at leisure, and now is a part of that time. So I will just keep on writing. The letter you wrote about the time you left Cincinnati reached us all right. Read it with much pleasure. We cried for joy, knowing that you are well and doing well by saving your dollars. That's right my son, your dollars will be your friend. Without them you must be happy in rags. Our little cabin home is still waiting your return, and our motto is, may you live long and prosper, and that our prodigal son may soon return to us without spot or blemish on his good name. Your letters are always welcome and glad to hear from you at any time. We remain lovingly,

JASPER and ELIZABETH FREJOLITY.

Yes, such is life, fathers and mothers love their children, and I thought at the time I was

reading their letter I ought to return home, but you see, I was not quite ready. I was determined to know what part of this little ball I was treading over. Well, I at once made arrangements with my land-lady for Rhiney to stop with me, then wrote him a line that all was O.K. and to bring plenty of dough with him. I met him at the train and shook his hand quite severely; for I was feeling very happy. You see, Rhiney is a Californian by birth and so am I. The first word I said after we got through shaking hands was, "Well, Rhiney, I have made all arrangements for you to stop with me while you remain in this city, and we will give them cards and spades, won't we?"

"That's what we will," said Rhiney, "but Frejolity, you will excuse me please, for reasons unknown to you I will stop at a hotel. I did not come down here to impose upon your generosity. You are a good fellow and all that, but I must have plenty of room."

"Say, Rhiney, that's all right, but didn't you have plenty of room the night you went down to see that old Irishman's Rachel?"

"Now, Frejolity, don't spring that Irishman any more. Here is a nice looking hotel, I'll just step in."

"All right, Rhiney, and its a good one, but it will be a trifle more inconvenient for us to

be together. I must work you know, and the evenings and Sundays are my only hours off. I now leave you with the understanding that you make your loafing headquarters during your stay, at the barber shop where I am employed. And that I will call for you at the hotel on the coming Sunday at 1 o'clock P.M. for a ramble of some kind together." Sunday noon came, and I togged up in my best for the entertaining of Rhiney. On my arrival at the hotel I found him almost ready, all but a shave. So we went to his room and I went over his face once, which was enough for any man. I then said, "which had we better do, Rhiney, drive or take it a foot?"

"Well, Frejolity, I think we had better take a conveyance that we can have the most fun with the least trouble."

"That's right, Rhiney, and no old Eli of a horse to keep us in suspense. And if it would be a Gray it might be a turn."

"Yes, Frejolity, and if it would be a turn it might be a policeman."

"Hold on, Rhiney, don't get funny or I might remind you of that little circumstance that happened to you at Indianapolis. You know I was present at the time."

"Oh, I don't know; here, Frejolity, have a little snifter out of this bottle, then we will step out on the veranda, have a smoke, then

go on our way rejoicing. By the way, Frejolity, do you still remember what the police judge said to you the time you was up before him in Cincinnati?"

"Well, no, Rhiney, I can't say that I do. I suppose you remember it, as you were not there?"

"No, I was not there, but you told me afterwards all about it."

"Well, Rhiney, out with it, I expect it is rag-time wind anyway."

"Now, Frejolity, don't you remember of saying something to the judge about keeping your eye on the Old Gray horses? and the judge said, 'Oh, then you are a horse thief are you?' Ha, Ha, say, Frejolity, how did you feel about that time anyway?"

"Well, Mr. Rhiney, since you have started the ball to rolling, I'll tell you. I felt just about like you did the time I went with you to Indianapolis with your guarantee that you would show me a good time. You remember that you said you had a sweet little girl picked out for me, and that she was a partner to your red-head, and that yours was the sweetest little Bruno in the city."

"Now, Frejolity, I never said Bruno. I said brunette."

"Well, I guess that was what you said; I knew it was something along that line."

"I fear Mr. Frejolity, that you are a little forgetful."

"What did you say her name was?"

"Rachel."

"Yes, and her father's name?"

"Morarity."

"You knew that he was very much opposed to your calling to see her. I by chance met him on the street and had quite a long talk with him. He is a policeman by birth and told me that if he ever caught you with his Rachel he would everlastingly tan your jacket. I told you about it at the time and this is what you said, 'Oh, he was just kidding you, he wouldn't do that anyhow,' you placed confidence in the old man and made arrangements with the girls some time during the day that both of us would call at Rachel's home and my girl of course was to be there. The hour for our departure was at hand and when we reached their pretty little cottage it was found to be very much darkened; especially in the sitting room. I said to you, 'Say. Rhiney, *you* must smell something dangerous around here;' for *you* know you left me standing under a large spreading maple tree on the outside of the fence, with instructions that if the old Irishman came that way I should whistle the alarm. I told you all right, that I would attend to that. Then you made a

sneak for the house to reconnoitre a little. I don't think you knew positively whether the old man was on his beat or at home. Anyway, you took shelter behind a large crimson rambler that stood near the front door and waited. Presently there was a turning of the door knob and you thinking it was your Rachel, rubbered from behind that rambler to catch a glimpse of her bright smiling face; but to your surprise it was the old man's mug that you was rubbering at. What was the matter with you anyway, did you have a fit?"

"Not on your moustache," said Rhiney, "I was just figuring out which way to go."

"You must have made some kind of a noise didn't you, think I heard something?"

"Well, Frejolity, it might have been hi-lee, hi-lo, that you heard."

"No, I mean some kind of a sound."

"Well, then," said Rhiney, "how does hi-lo, hi-lee, suit you?"

"All right, Rhiney, have it your way, but I'll bet you thought it was the longest hi-lo, hi-lee you ever experienced before you reached the sidewalk. When that Irishman made a dash for you, you went out from behind that rambler like a bung out of a barrel. What was all that rattling?"

"Well, Frejolity, it must have been that Irishman's congress shoes, at least it felt very

much like something of that sort. I wonder if I didn't make good time?"

"The fastest time, Rhiney, that I ever witnessed. The girls also enjoyed it from the upstairs window, for I heard Rachel, halloo, 'Aurevoir, Rhiney, Aurevoir,' just then you scaled the fence leaving one-half of your coat tail hanging on a picket."

"You see, Mr. Frejolity, I just donated that to the old man for a neck scarf, for I thought he never owned such a luxury and that he had a very sensitive neck stuck on his frame."

"Now, Rhiney, you are very kind in case of suffering humanity, but in my estimation his neck looked very much like a piece of second growth hickory. Anyhow, which way did you go when you reached the alley?"

"Why, I went straight up."

"Straight up where, Rhiney?"

"Why, straight up the alley, I had no wings. You see I was in a hurry and took the shortest route to the city. That is, the business part of the eating and drinking departments. Say, Frejolity, did you meet that old red-head?"

"Yes, Rhiney, I passed him about two squares from the scene. He did not recognize me, and I said nothing to him. He was still snorting like a Texas steer. Rhiney, old boy, did you ever meet him after that?"

"Not that I remember of."

"Well, I'll bet he is a scrapper from away back in Posey County."

"Yes Frejolity, and *he* was a posey; looked like a sunflower. I'll bet if it wouldn't have been for the love I had for Rachel I would have made him look like old Pat Hogan of Indianapolis. Do you remember him, Frejolity?"

"Oh, yes, very distinctly. I came very near pulling all of his lilacs out one night in a little brawl. Lord but he roared, and I shook my Trilbies. Say, Rhiney, don't you ever tackle that Irishman, for one punch from that maul of his would settle you forever. If you are the scrapper that you think you are, why don't you challenge Fitzsimmons or the Big Sailor?"

"Well, Frejolity, I don't pretend to be a prize fighter, I expect them chaps would come after me a little too swift for pleasure."

"And Rhiney, I expect that yellow streak would show up immediately on your entering the ring."

"Don't say anything about yellow streak, Frejolity, you know how you were coming out of that barber school at Cincinnati that time don't you? The streak down your back must have been full size, and you was showing it to all the pilgrims passing that way. But what need either of us care for the streaks,

we must live to do others before they do us. Here Frejolity, have another swig from this flask and we will be off for a time; its now three P.M."

On entering the office the clerk called to Rhiney and handed him a message. On opening, he found it to be from his father at San Francisco, asking him to return at once and take charge of his business as he intended starting for Europe in a week or ten days. That settled our fun and separated us for time to come. Rhiney left the Crescent City in one hour after receiving that message. I accompanied him to the train, bid him good-by with kindest regards to all inquiring friends, and we again parted. I returned to my boarding-house feeling sad and forlorn; not caring very much how soon my year would come to a close in the Crescent City. I retired early and went to the shop the next morning with the blues. The first man that took my chair was a stranger to me, and the first thing he said when lathered was, "I want a very close shave." My reply was, "well sir, that is something that I never practiced. In fact, I never learned that art. I always try to give a man a nice, clean and easy shave, and when such is accomplished I think, well done good and faithful servant." He then said, "Oh, you are one of those barbers that don't

care to do much and at the same time make a charge. I came in here to get shaved to suit myself, not you, and if you will not comply with my request I'll go elsewhere."

"Very well my friend," said I, "take your choice; a clean and easy shave by me, or perhaps a scrape by some other barber." He went, and I came very near going also. I had no more trouble until about one week before I left the city. A patron of ours came in one evening in somewhat of a hurry, took my chair and said, "Once over Azariah, and I'll return in the morning and let you finish the job." In reply I said, "All right Charley, but the once over you get now will cost you fifteen cents, and the finish you get in the morning will cost you another fifteen cents. Whenever a man gives instructions for a once over shave, he gets it, then the barber's work is complete for that time; and on the return of that same customer on the following morning to have that once over shave finished, will find that that once over shave had been finished and paid for and that if he wanted another finish he must pay the price." Then he brawled out:

"What's the matter with this shop, is it becoming embarrassed? Just wipe off that lather please and I'll go where I can have it my way." I obeyed orders and obeyed them

quickly. And I'll bet he was out of the shop in fifteen seconds after I commenced to wipe off that lather. The proprietor, Mr. Mills, asked me what the trouble was. I told him. He smiled and at the same time remarked, "let him go, you have done your part." My associate was a brother workman from Pittsburgh, Pa., and was employed about two squares from where I worked. His name was Ramsey. We had many little jamborees together, and neither of us ever suffered arrest while in the Crescent City. Although I came within an ace of it once. There was at one time quite a freshet in the city, and with the assistance of the Mississippi River the water spread through some of the streets to a depth of ten or twelve inches. So I concluded one night that I would go in swimming on one of their streets, and put on skin tight under clothing and made a bee-line for that swim. By taking the sidewalk, I was not checked in my speed, and reached that street in safety. I made a plunge from the walk and a splash followed. I saw a policeman coming, caught onto the fine and costs, and you should have seen me going around the corner of a big stone block. I soon reached my boarding-house, and landed safely in my little bed. The river forms a crescent half way around the city, and that is why it is called the Cres-

cent City. I saw but one Gray horse that recognized the sign, but the soldiers were easily discovered. The time for my departure from the Crescent City had arrived, and I felt just a little pleased; as I did not consider my surroundings very safe south of Mason and Dixon's line. That is, a northerner is not free to speak his little piece. If he does, there is liable to be something drop, and perhaps that something would not be able to get up again. Yet, I formed the acquaintance of a few very dear people, and the kind that would have stayed with me to the last.

CHAPTER VI.

I left the City of New Orleans with best wishes to all mankind, and especially the proprietor and brother workmen. I was nine days on my way to Washington, D. C., my next place of labor.

Stopping off at Jacksonville, Florida, Charleston, South Carolina, and Norfolk, Virginia. I rather fancied these three southern cities, but nothing to be compared with the cities in which I had worked. I arrived at Washington, D. C., feeling somewhat debilitated and with a poor appetite. It did not agree with me very well in the city of New Orleans, too much dampness; causing me to fill up with malaria. Anyhow, I was lucky in finding a good private boarding-house at which to stop. I remained in doors for a few days, then went in search of work. It was but a few hours until I found a position in an eight chaired shop at twelve dollars per week. I did my work well and was rewarded in the way of tips to the tune of eighty cents per day; that is, it averaged me that; making me a total of about seventeen dollars every six days. That was a good thing for me and I did my level best to

please all mankind with or without playing horse or soldiering. I did not loiter on my way to and from work, therefore I was always on time to my labor. And by so doing I gained the confidence of my employer and received a great many favors from him during the year I was in his employ.

Whenever I took a day off my pay went on just the same. I usually put in my Sundays in that city attending church. Sometimes going to Dr. Talmadge's Tabernacle, and at the same time watch the high-toned society. Its a fright. I rubbedred and eyed them so closely that my eyeballs became very much strained and sore. On leaving the church I would watch the different styles of vehicles going their way loaded down with suffering humanity. I often thought of a wood-sawyer's poetry; it goes like this; with Sundays barred:

“A wood-sawyer stood on the street
as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw
on the log,
‘I wish I was rich and could ride.’”

You see, that fit pretty well in my case, only I was a different kind of a sawyer. Now, where in the duce was the poorer class of people? They did not show up at that

Tabernacle. There are surely some of them that attend his church, no person was barred out. I was not a very expensive dresser, but was wonderfully improved along that line since leaving San Francisco. I could have purchased a small diamond and made me look richer, that is financially, but thought I would wait, glass might take a tumble then I would invest and have a better showing with the Four Hundred. If not in Washington, then in some other city. There are lots of pretty women in Washington, D. C., but a person can find plenty of such any and everywhere. The greatest difficulty that I had to contend with, was in trying to trot along with people far in advance of myself financially, also in learning how to adjust eye-glasses, with bows, raising of hats, caps, boots and shoes. I had all those things to learn. Then I must have a big bank account to still help me along. I thought to myself, "Oh, pshaw, here I am in the city of Washington trying to work my way into society." I soon realized the fact that it could not be done by Azariah Frejolity, *unless* he learned the art of motion and style in the extreme, and with a large chunk of dough to back up the motion, I felt that there might come a time when I'd be gliding along on Easy street with plenty of fine clothes and diamonds galore. But remember, I also

felt that the dough and diamonds must come otherwise than from barbering. A man that can get wealth enough in the barber business to retire, wear diamonds and mingle with the Four Hundred, is surely an angel and a fit subject to enter that little narrow gate that leads to life everlasting. I was still young in years with good health, and was adding a little money to my cash balance each year. The acquaintances that I was forming in the city were few and far between. The boys in the shops being in the majority. It was a little against the rules of the shop to converse very much with the trade, also with the brother barbers. I always took just what liberty in that respect that I thought belonged to me, and no more. Then if at any time, or place, the proprietor would have called me down and said, "here Frejolity, we want but very little talking to the trade and no loitering at the front when not engaged." What kind of an answer do you think I would give a man of that kind?

I would have said, "You are an idiotic fool;" and would have almost considered him in line with Judas, the man who betrayed our Christ. That's putting it pretty strong, nevertheless, I mean just what I say. And the time I hope will never come when the hand of any man will hold his labor in such bondage. That

time I am sure will never come to pass with me, for I never did, nor never would, work for that kind of a man. A first class barber need not stand the abuse of any man while working at his chair or otherwise while on duty. You can just slip your little Tally-ho razors in your top vest pocket and go your way rejoicing. No trouble to get employment if you are on the square and attentive to business. And if you feel so inclined you can put in a shop of your own or buy out some brother barber; then a part of your business would be already established.

No barber should be without the price; all you have to do is to learn the art of holding to a dollar when you once have it in your hand. I am thankful that I learned how to save a few of the halves and quarters and that I practiced it without disturbing all of my pleasures. Of course, I was compelled to let pass about all the expensive pleasures, feeling that I would be able in the future to make up for the past. And now, since I have been successful financially, I haven't as yet decided whether I will wear diamonds and the finest of clothing or not. So far, I remain just the same as I did when barbering. My labor in Washington was gliding along serenely. Had had no trouble whatever with the proprietor or trade, but could not tell

what was yet to come. As I said before, my Sundays were about all of them put in in going to church and Sunday School while in the city. My sight seeing was just what I caught on to a few minutes at a time. My church and Sunday School experience I will give you later on. We barbers often talked of soldiers and Gray horses. Some of the boys thought there *might* be a change, while others fought it to the bitter end.

I tested the old Grays that passed by our shop for three days, and the tests were all in my favor. Yet, some of the boys felt that such was an impossibility. It looks impossible, doesn't it? But then, why do the Grays that have made the turn act so queer when the signs are given? Anyway, the boys became very much interested in the Gray horses, and they too got to carrying little flasks in their inside coat pockets. I gave them my experience and they could do the same. I had been in the city just seven months, and during that time I had chosen for my associate one of the men in our shop. We had spent the most of our Sundays together and attended church at Talmadge's Tabernacle. We found but little pleasure there outside of his sermons and the singing, so we decided on going to the Presbyterian Sunday School and church services providing it suited us.

The first Sunday that came along we made the start, and the first thing they did was to invite us into a Bible class. There I sat like an oyster and by the side of a sweet young lady. Our teacher, a fine looking gentleman, asked me several questions, but I answered nothing; as I was not posted in the Scriptures. My partner, Isaiah Smear, sat just in front of me with the same ignorance in his knot as myself, and looked very much bug-house. The teacher had introduced us to the class (which had a tendency to make me feel a little easier) and our lesson had been whipped sawed until it was completely exhausted. Finally the lady by my side said, "Mr. Frejolity, you live in this city do you not?"

"Sure thing," said I. "Am here now about seven months."

She then said, "We will be very glad to see you and your friend out to our church and Sabbath School regularly." I told her I did not know how it would be; that I thought I had better search the Scriptures before I attended many Sunday Schools and tried to make my mark in a Bible class of that caliber. Her countenance became very crimson and her eyes bunged out like that of a young fawn; she smiled but said nothing.

I was fearful that I had put in a wrong word some place but thought to myself, "let

it go Riley." The Sunday School finally came to a close, but Smear and I did not tarry for church, neither did we attend the evening services. But during the following week we put in all of our spare time searching the Scripture, determined on the next Sunday to answer at least one question asked us. The next Sunday came and we again put in our appearance. They kindly invited us for the second time into their class. I was once more lucky in getting to perch my carcass up by the side of that same Miss Johnson that I did the Sunday before. That name reminded me of the song, "Mr. Johnson turn me loose, I've no money but a good excuse. Mr. Johnson, I'll be good." Well, the lesson that was being discussed was about the rich man and Lazarus. I missed that part of the Scripture entirely during my reading of the week, and was obliged to play the part of an oyster again. The teacher asked me one question and I let it pass by. Finally, he asked my partner, Mr. Smear, who he thought that man Lazarus was, and where he hailed from. It was a stunner. Smear squirmed, twisted, and swallowed something that slid down his throat like a cow's cud. He finally said, "I think Lazarus was from Jericho. And don't you think his right name was Frejolity?" Looking right at our teacher; the class all laughed but Smear and myself.

I felt fearful, and thought, confound that brainless sap sucker, has he lost his mind or does he want to make out that Lazarus's right name was Frejolity, and who did he ask to give the proper name for Lazarus. They all knew my name and the way he spoke left a bad impression on something or somebody. Anyhow, I must speak up and make it better or worse. Something to ease up Smear and pass it all off as a joke. So I said, "I expect Mr. Smear was thinking of the time we made our journey down to Jericho. Smear caught a jack-rabbit and a thief caught Smear. I saved him there, and I hope I have saved him here." Smear became white with rage but said nothing. I made up my mind that thereafter, if I attended Sunday-School, I would go alone rather than be accompanied by such an ignoramus.

I was not posted on the rich man and Lazarus, and knew enough to keep my opening closed rather than to make the break that he did. When Sunday-School was dismissed out he went, while I remained for church. I was somewhat stuck on Miss Johnson, but had almost given up all my plans as lost. But not so, after the passing of two more Sabbaths I was invited to take dinner with her. I did so, and was royally entertained. She was a fine pianist and sang some elegant songs. I,

of course, was invited to play and sing. I did my best with the song entitled "An old fashioned photograph of Mother so dear." I was no slouch on the piano if I was a barber. And my talking in the shops never affected those organs that I used in singing. During our conversation I discovered that Miss Johnson was desirous of knowing my occupation. But I did not tell her until she asked me the second time. Suppose I told her a little story, then I suppose I didn't. Anyhow, I told her I was an artist, but did not tell her what kind of an artist, if I had, the jig with me would have been up. I remained with her during the afternoon, and we went to church together in the evening. I found her to be rather in the lead of Frejolity in a fine conversation, and was above the average dresser with silks and satins. I was well aware of the fact that if I held to that little sparrow I must use no foolishness with her. I arrived at the shop the next morning happy as a woodchuck, and the old tally-ho never worked better. Smear seemed happy also. Something good must have crossed his path. I never gave him away to the boys, neither did I mention the circumstance to him. And that is why he still felt friendly toward me. Church and Sunday School going had stopped with him, but I continued to go as long as I remained in the city of

Washington. The funniest part of it was, that the little lady did not find out that I was a Tonsorial Artist until the last week that I was in the city. You can imagine the result, I never went back to her home or to that church again. My time was up all around, and after bidding my lady friend good-bye by letter and my gentleman friends by the shake of their hand, I was then off for the city of Baltimore, Md.

CHAPTER VII.

On reaching the city of Baltimore, I again had trouble in finding a boarding-house that just suited my fancy. After going to four or five different places, I finally found one that was very nicely equipped, and pretty well up in the city. So I set my little valise in one corner of a bed-room at four-fifty per week, then took a stroll around a few of the corners. It was then 4 P. M., so thought I would wait until morning before I would look for work. The next morning on passing along a few of the principal streets, I spied rather a fine looking shop with nine chairs. In I went, struck it for thirteen dollars per week, one day off, shop opened and closed at 7 A. M. and 8 P. M. no Sunday work. In fact, I was not a Sunday barber anyway. Well, I called that another pippin of a job. Eight regular workmen and the lad that was learning the trade did a little work on the ninth chair and attended the shine stand and bathtubs. The proprietor went by the name of Beefey and did no work at all. I did not fancy his looks very much, and thought he surely had a temper that suited his name. I

always called a Beefer a kicker, and would wait patiently the results of this man Beefey's kicks. I chose for my associate a fellow workman by the name of Jerry Balance; but the boys had nick-named him Chink-eye. I had been in the city perhaps three months before Chink-eye and myself took a general outing together. His home was at Dover, Delaware, and he had been in the city some three years. Therefore, he was pretty well acquainted with a number of the nooks and crooks of that city. I cannot tell the reader of this book but a small part of the bumps that took place with me from the time I left my Southern California home, until I returned to that same home. Whatever happenings come to my mind from city to city, that is what you will get. I was desirous of going out to Dreid Hill Park, as I had heard of its being such a beautiful place. This was on Sunday and after dinner we made the start. The car soon landed us on the spot, it being only about four miles from the business part of the city. It is a beautiful place I assure you and I had a time long to be remembered. We seated ourselves on a sort of rustic bench. I saw coming at a distance a couple of Grays hitched to a fine carriage, loaded down with humanity. I said, "Now, Chink-eye, let's have a little fun."

"How's that?" said he.

"Why, here comes a couple of Grays, perhaps they have made the turn, if they have, it must show up in some way." I had my little flask with me and it was full of the genuine. So, when they came near us, I hailed, "Hello there, doodle, have a drink." Say, I never saw such a mixed up mess in my life. The Gray on our side had made the turn, and on seeing the flask made a short quick start for us, upsetting the carriage and dumping the job lot of them out on the ground. Both women and one of the men beneath the wreck. We at once went to their rescue, and raised the vehicle to its right position. The old turn had kicked himself loose from its mate and eloped to parts unknown, leaving the quartette standing there petting their bumps and bruises. Both gentlemen thanked us very politely for our services and handed each of us a dollar. Thanking them for the same, with our regrets for their misfortune we went our way rejoicing. Fortunately for us they did not know the cause of that mix up, for it saved us seven-fifty and costs apiece. We had been sipping quite freely from our flasks, not realizing that the shades of night were so fast approaching. I finally said to Chink-eye, "Say Chink-eye, by all the gods the sun is rushing down in the west." His reply was, "let her rush." Of course, I knew

that I could not stop the sun's rush, but we could go back to our little beds and take a rest; I also knew that a lost nerve was no good to push or pull on a tally-ho razor. So we took the first car back to the city, found our little beds, and showed up at the shop the next morning in pretty good shape.

I worked faithfully and to the interest of all concerned, but did finally, before the day was over, have quite a warm argument with a crank. It was this way: when he first entered the shop he gave us all to understand his greatness by his conversation. Playing horse and soldiering was in demand by four of us boys, as one of the four was sure to get him. I did everything possible to save myself, but the boys must have had more brass in their faces than I had for I became ashamed of myself and took the crank into my chair. I had just placed the towel around his neck and he said, "Now Mr. Barber, you will observe that I have a very tender face, and there is but one barber that ever shaved me successfully, and to my satisfaction."

"Oh," said I, "who told you that your face was so tender?"

"I observed that from the cut of my barber's knife, and my barber," said he.

"Well, but how does your barber know that you have a tender face?"

"Say, Mr. Tonsorial Artist," said he, "this isn't an idiotic profession of yours is it?"

"Not on your chrysanthemum," said I, "but the time *might* come when a lot of Laplanders like yourself, throughout the states will set the barbers crazy as bed-bugs. Anyhow, let it be as it may, I will ask you how long a time does that barber of yours usually take in shaving you?"

"Oh, I don't know, perhaps forty minutes."

"Any tips connected with the shave?"

"Well, yes, I usually give him twenty-five cents for a shave."

"Well, my friend, let me tell you something; that barber of yours is no good, he is a time-killer and a soldier. Thinks he is the whole push. I'll bet he pats his pet's faces nicely for the tips he gets from them; and during his shaving act with you and others, has a song and dance about the difficult beards and tender faces to take your and their minds away from his old iron razors. I expect he is what I call a scraper. That is, one who takes about six hundred strokes to a shave. That isn't barbering, oh no, for no first class barber can afford to spend forty minutes on any man's face. If he would do that with **all** of his trade, he must in the wind-up live on soup. Forty minutes is too much time to use on a hair cut and shave. I usually take thirty minutes on that kind of a job."

"Well," said he, "I don't care to have that kind of a barber work on me. I always pay the price, then some; and must have a good long time with my barbering."

"My friend," said I, "You are too late, your shave is complete, and when your hair is combed you will have been in my chair just fifteen minutes; and without pain or blood-shed. By the way, where does that barber of yours reside?"

"Well, sir, his home is at Pittsburgh, Pa."

"Oh, yes, that city I understand is in the coal regions. More grit on the customers' faces than we have in this niche of woods. You tell that barber of yours to come down to Baltimore and I'll give him a few pointers on hoaning and razor strokes, so that he will be able in case of emergency to take that beard of yours off in eight minutes."

"Now, Mr. Barber, I'll tell him nothing; for I do not care to spoil a good thing."

"Oh, well, a monopoly on your face may be a good thing for you, but its no good for that barber of yours. I, myself, am bitterly opposed to monopolies and trusts; but that does me no good. It seems that this government does not belong to the people, therefore, the people are not monarchs of all they survey."

He then said, "I have now spent too much time with you on an argument that amounts

to nothing, and shall now retire from this shop in peace; hoping that we may never meet again."

He then started for the door. I called to him and said, "Say, stranger, that isn't my wish; I hope that at some time we may meet in the sweet fields of Eden where the bumble-bees are blooming."

"Mr. Barber, said he, you have recited a part of your smartness wrong; you should have said, where the tree of life is blooming. You will never know as much as a woodchuck; for your nose and brain are too short."

"I beg pardon, sir, for my forgotten knowledge, and as for my short nose, I can conscientiously say that its a daisy. The best I ever had or ever expect to have. It has smelled me out of a great many little difficulties. Therefore, I shall ever remain true to the same."

"Aurevoir, Mr. Barber, aurevoir," said he.

"The same to you, Mr. Stranger, the same to you," said I. And he was off.

The boss made a kick over my plain talk to the stranger but it did him no good. Everything went with me when it come to taking my own part in the way of my profession, and otherwise, if necessary. Had it not been for the soldiering the boys did, I never would have caught that crank; and the boss knew it. He wanted to know what I meant

by soldiering. I told him that when I spoke of barber soldiers, I did not mean the kind we had in our civil or late war. Oh no, the boys were out in the field to fight; while the kind of soldiers I was speaking of were continually operating on blackheads and the scraping off of at least two layers of skin with each shave, then holding on hot towels to doctor up the smarting and burning sensations caused by their close shaving. It takes up lots of their time and that is what the soldier barbers like. Anything to set a great big moon faced squirrel or kicker in another man's chair. I think barbers that operate that way must have been born tired and should retire and live the life of a sluggard. I am giving it to you barber soldiers in hot sections, but nevertheless its true. It is also true that a great many patrons of barber shops can stand more probing, pulling and skinning, outside of a barber's chair than they can in one. It was always a mystery to me why this should be so and they not think much about it. I will class myself as one of the sluggards iust mentioned, for I have put in a part of my barbering days soldiering and playing horse; and am happy to say that I have now retired from that business forever. I don't know but what I have mentioned it before, if I have, I will repeat it, that my associates were usually those of my

own profession, and as it goes, "birds of a feather flock together." Of course, I have met a few of the profession that I did not care to mingle with in my outings, or out in society.

"Ha, ha, that word society makes you smile doesn't it brother;" but I've been there just the same. Can truly say that when in the company of barbers, in doors or on the street, I used them all, good, bad and indifferent, color or tongue, with due respect. I so often thought of these words, "that six feet of earth make all men of one size."

Of course, the rich can revel in luxury here in this world, but in the final wind-up you will find a great many of the old Grays to the front and singing, "There was an old soldier who had a wooden leg." I met in crossing the states many educated barbers and worthy of better positions; that is, positions that would bring them in more money. But no, they clung to their profession like a dog would to a bone, thinking perhaps it would be starvation and the grave if they should quit the Tonsorial business.

Well, a few more weeks had elapsed, and Chink-eye would again take me out for another time. This time was on Monday; an off day. We went to a garden; that's what Chink-eye called it; I added beer to the garden, then I had the right name for it. We first entered

the saloon department, stepped up to the bar, drank a cock-tail, paid the price and passed along to the next inn, which was a place to sit down and rest, eat and drink if we felt like it. There were young ladies present to wait on us, and drink with us, if we cared for them to do so. I did not care very much to have the girls drink with us, but *did* finally consent; for they were little daisies, and entertained us so nicely with their conversation. We finally became filled up to our capacity, and in rising from my chair I in some way dropped a small coin. On stooping to pick up that same coin a little Billy Goat that had gotten loose somewhere in the rear end of the building, and that I had not discovered, struck me in the rear like a hay-baler. I fell forward on the floor a full length monkey. I could not imagine what in blazes had struck me, but knew to a certainty that I was up against something. On rising to my feet I turned to see where that bump came from, and behold a little Billy Goat was preparing for his second rush at me. I stood pat and eyed the little fellow for a time, thinking what I must do to be saved. I by chance spied a hatchet hanging on a nail on an upright timber and tenderly gathered it in and prepared for the rush. It came, and before Billy reached me I stepped to one side and hit him a sock-

doliger between his eyes. He fell, and by old Jim Finkell, he never got up. I then looked around to see where my associates had gone. The first person I saw was Chink-eye, and he was rubbering from behind a door that went out into the saloon, and the girls were perched on a table making goo-goo eyes at me. I, of course, said nothing, thinking it might make matters still worse. And while the crowd was gathering around the corpse of that Billy Goat, I took a sneak. I imagined that some sympathizer of Billy might arrest me for cruelty to animals. I did not go to people's places of business to spend my money and suffer the butting and bumping of some beast of the field. Revenge is mine, so sayeth Frejolity. We did not enter our boarding-house that day, but went to a restaurant and ate a good square supper; and while eating that same square supper, we heard of a five round boxing contest between two hair-pullers out in a suburban part of the city, and that the price of admission was but two dollars. Now, what I mean by hair-pullers is, that two women would do the boxing. All was ready and we boarded the first street car going that way. We reached the battle-field in good condition, paid the price, and were very lucky in getting a seat off to the side aisle, and pretty well to the front. The hall held per-

haps three hundred people, and was quite well filled. "Say, of all the gatherings that I ever witnessed, this one capped the climax. Every kindred and tongue, from a nicely dressed gentleman to that of a bull pup." It was still fifteen minutes until the contest would commence. I felt very uneasy and said to Chink-eye, "Say, Chink-eye, what's all this gang of heathens doing here anyway? I am fearful of our scalps before this thing is over with, what think you?"

"Well, Frejolity, we will live in hopes, and if we must fight our way out, let's give them the best we have for our defense. I have a little stick here in my pocket that I can drop a few of them with. What have you, Frejolity, in the way of your protection?"

"Well, Mr. Chink-eye, I have in my top vest pocket an old plain ground Wade and Butcher, sharper than any corn-husker's razor that I ever saw, I will use that in case of emergency."

Just then the curtain went up and the rounds and rules for the contest were announced. The girls came in on the stage from either side, met in the center and stood there until time was called. It was to be a five round contest and to a finish. The girls were as plump as pigeons and wore suits of the same style that men boxers do. The

heaviest girl of the two wore a little green cap, the other one a red cap. Suppose those colors were to represent Ireland and Spain. At least, the Irish and Spanish that were present were at loggerheads almost immediately after the girls came out on the stage. The rounds were to be three minutes long, one minute for wind and repairs. Time was finally called, they shook hands and at it they went. By the gravy, I never witnessed such batting of the air in my life. They had been at it just about two minutes when Spain in some way got in a punch on Ireland's nose. Down she went like a beef, with blood galore. Everybody was on their feet, hats and caps in the air, and holloing like they do on the Chicago Board of Trade. No more boxing was done in that round and was one score for Spain. During the one minute rest for the boxers, we were entertained with a real fight in the audience, just a short distance from Chink-eye and Frejolity; it was waxing warm and the crowd was getting fearful. Someone threw a bottle, struck my lid and knocked off the upper story. I kept my peace and laughed about it, for I knew that Chink-eye and Frejolity were mingling with an element that was fierce in the extreme. That fight closed with but one man taken to the hospital for repairs. The second round was called and at it they

went ca-biff, ca-bump. The crowd again raised to their feet shutting off my view entirely. But I still had rubber enough in my neck to see both Spain and Ireland go to the floor. That closed the second round with a draw. The girls panted like porpoises, and both of them just about winded, and blood still oozing from Ireland's fractured nose. They were neither of them fit for the third round, but time was called and at it they went. The ire of Ireland and Spain had come to a welding heat, and we felt that our carcasses were not worth a rupee. Time was very near up when Spain by some awkward striking hit Ireland a knock-out blow on that same nose ending that fight as far as they were concerned. Then I heard someone yell "foul and to never give up that fifty." Another voice "yes you will or blood." You see, the contest was to be for fifty dollars to the winner. Well, pandemonium reigned. Out went the electric lights and seven or eight shots were fired heavenward. At least, the flashes were of an upward tendency. Chink-eye dropped to the floor, and so did I. Presently on came the lights and we raised to our seats. During the darkness there was a general fight in progress between Ireland and Spain. You all know how it is in a fight, everybody usually rushes in that direction. We were near the side aisle and it was quite possible for an

exit out of that rebellion; so down the aisle we went with Chink-eye in the lead. Just before reaching the door we became mixed up in a gang of pickpockets, but pushing forward like a couple of mogul engines, I finally reached the sidewalk without a scratch. But soon discovered that I had been touched for fifteen dollars; all the money that I had with me. Chink-eye had one of his pant's pockets cut down some five inches. In his case it was no good for the pickpockets, as he was on his uppers; having spent the last two dollars he had for a ticket to that boxing contest. The serious part of the whole affair was with Chink-eye; as the intended thief's knife had cut a slit in Chink-eye's thigh just as long as the slit in his pocket. I suppose we were both mad, for I had been robbed and Chink-eye had a nasty flesh wound. We were standing close to the entrance of that hall, and our time around there must be short and revengeful. I said, "Say, Chink-eye, let's hit the first two gutter-snipes that come this way, then take to our heels, what say you?"

"Count me in," said Chink-eye, "and here comes a couple of them now."

"Now, Chink-eye, you paste it to that woodchuck on your side, and I'll attend to his side partner."

I used my fist, what Chink-eye used I do

not know. Anyhow, they both hit the ground, and we were off. Just one square of speed, and we caught a car for the city proper. I went with Chink-eye to his boarding-house, then procured the services of a doctor. It took twelve stitches to close up that gap in Chink-eye's leg; and in so doing he moaned like a whangdoodle after its first born. I felt sorry for him, but it had to be done. When all was complete I bid my side partner good-night and went to my place of staying. This little outing as I called it, was on Monday and Monday night; and with the misfortunes that we had met with, we of course were not fit to labor on the following Tuesday. You see, I had just commenced to feel the bump of that confounded Billy Goat, and Chink-eye would not be able to go to work for over two weeks. I showed up at the shop on Wednesday morning rather stiff and rigid. The boys guyed me on account of my stiffness and wanted to know if I had been struck by a pile-driver. I told them that I hoped not, but that something had struck me in the rear and almost severed my spinal column. The proprietor then asked me where Chink-eye was. I told him that he had met with an accident and would not be able to work for a couple of weeks. "Well," said he, "if that's the case I'll get another man in his place."

“Then, Mr. Beefey, I suppose when Chink-eye gets well you will still employ him, will you not?”

“No, Mr. Frejolity, I don’t do business that way.”

“All right, Mr. Beefey, then you can just hunt up two barbers instead of one. I quit you right here.” I gathered up my hooks, bid the boys and Beefey good-bye and left that shop forever.

I had only been in the city about ten months, but that made no difference to me. I went down to see Chink-eye, told him of the result of our outing, and that I would leave Baltimore on the evening train for Philadelphia. Tears came in his eyes, and I said, “whangdoodle.” Before leaving Chink-eye, I presented him with a ten dollar bill, then took him by the hand for a farewell shake, and perhaps forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

I reached Philadelphia, the Quaker City, stiff and sore. A remembrance of that little Billy Goat.

I did not care to strike a job before Monday morning, but did help a brother out on the first Saturday I was in the city at sixty cents on the dollar; netting me six dollars for the day. I had found just a fair boarding-house at five dollars per week, and my first Sunday in that city was spent in lounging around the house, and on Monday morning I made the start. I soon found a position in a five chaired shop at fourteen dollars straight, and the proprietor seemingly a fine gentleman. My experience during the ten months I had worked in Baltimore was greater than in any of the cities in which I had worked up to that time, and my savings fell short some fifty dollars. So I determined to get back the loss in Philadelphia that I met with in Baltimore. I believe I found more cranks and kickers in Philadelphia than all the other shops combined that I had worked in, but held my own with all the difficulties that came up.

I had been with Mr. Fry, (as that was his

name) just two months, and being at leisure for a few moments, stepped to the front to gaze out at the moving traffic. Presently up stepped a fine looking gentleman, stopped at the door and ordered me to open it for him. That was all right, for I thought the man might be crippled in some way in his hands or he would not have asked that of me, so I opened the door and in he came just as important and dignified as you please, and could use his hands just as freely as I could mine. Walking to the rack he hung up his hat, then said, "you scrapers must not think you are the Goulds or Vanderbilts; I came here to be waited on." I was standing at my chair and waiting for one of the other men to say something to him but they did not. I then answered his remark by saying, "that we were not here to open the door for jags. We always have pride enough within us to help a cripple or invalid at any and all occasions, and sir, if you are crippled in any way, it must be an abscess or water on the brain. Otherwise than that I think you a sound man."

"Well, Mr. Shaver," said he, "I can tell you in very short order my thoughts of you." I held my shaving cup by the handle, it was large and heavy, and this is what he said, "Mr. Barber, you remind me very much of a policeman that I found one night in the gutter,

and, on a doctor's examination, found quite a large fracture in his skull, and perhaps, one-third of a teacupful of his brain had oozed out upon the ground. The policeman finally came to, and the doctor asked him if he had better put those brains of his back into his knot. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'it doesn't require any brains to be a policeman.' Now, that is what I think of you and your profession." I felt that yellow streak, but threw the mug, and it landed just below his left eye, sending him to the floor. I, as usual, took a sneak by the rear door and did not show up until the next morning. All was rosy with Mr. Fry, who thought that I had given him just what he was looking for. He did not get his work done in that shop, and left with one eye closed (so the boys said), and revenge on his lips. I was one of those barbers that feared no man, just as long as they did not catch me. Well, as time went on, there were a great many cases of barber's itch materialized in the city, and our customers became quite uneasy. I suppose they thought it would be sure death to them if they were inoculated. Of course, some quit shaving, and I did not care; for they were swells. There was a general kick started that the barbers must use some means by which the trade would be protected from that inoculation. We barbers

had just been talking of the hornet's nest that was being stirred up over the city, when in came a large portly dentist for a shave. I usually did his work, and while shaving him he broached the subject. He, too, proposed the protection of the trade against the itch. It seemed that I was the talking barber of that shop, and they depended entirely on me to protect our rights. I told him that I expected he thought that all barbers should go through with a rigid examination, such as the color of the skin, condition of same, how many pores to the square inch, the cause and effect of the itch, and all other diseases that might materialize from impure blood. Also dip their razors in some strong solution or hot water at a certain temperature immediately after shaving each and every customer. A barber of late years loses enough time shaving necks, trimming out the ears and nose, then cutting the long suckers out of eye-brows, without the time and expense of dipping his tools. There is a law in a few of the states compelling barbers to dip their tools and pass an examination. I think that law is one of impudence on the part of the man that introduced it. Its true, that the majority of the trade would be protected, but tell me, please, where the barbers get their protection. Must they shave all or any of the diseased faces,

work on their scalps, do all this dipping of tools for the protection of their trade? I say no, let those who want their faces and heads protected from disease do their own barbering, until we can have a law that any and all barbers caught working on a man with a diseased face or scalp that could be inoculated to the next man, fine that barber ten dollars and costs, and for each and every offense thereafter. In that way the barbers would have a good excuse for refusing to work on that kind of people, and it would save the profession a great deal of embarrassment. It is hard for a barber to say no in such cases, because some of them are your friends, I know, for I have been there. Then again, the man with diseased blood has no respect for his barber, or he would not present himself at the shop or shops to have his work done. Why not carry his hair with him until he is a fit subject to sit in a barber's chair? Its a luxury anyway. I don't think that barbers should be thought of as filthy humanity by any other humanity, that by chance are inoculated with parasite eczema. Listen, I will tell you what I, by chance, heard spoken by a professional doctor. It happened that I was in his office at the time. A gentleman came in with a sore face and asked the doctor concerning his trouble. Well, my friend, said the

doctor, you have what I call the barber's itch, and would advise you to change your place of shaving. That doctor could just as well have said, you have parasite eczema, stop shaving for a few weeks and dust on your sores occasionally, zinc oxide. This was in the month of October, now I will tell you something of what an expert skin doctor told me in regard to that same itch.

This conversation took place in his office in New York City. I addressed him in this way. "Say, Doc, I have been told that you have the reputation of being an expert skin doctor? Will you please tell me if there is any other way whereby parasite eczema can be inoculated from one man's face to another, otherwise than in barber shops and poluted towels in public places?"

"Well, Mr. Frejolity, my reading and experience has taught me, that men oftentimes step out of their own homes, with their own shave into the open air, and if in the Fall of the year (which is considered the worst season for floating parasites) and should one of those little poison mites alight on their face, a sore would be the result, and the majority of the doctors would pronounce it the barber's itch." So, you see, oftentimes the barber must suffer for some invisible something that floats in the air of God's beautiful world. I will say to my

brother journeyman barbers, refuse to work on such people if you know it. I liked the business fairly well until I learned human nature. Its a wonderful nature, isn't it? There might be a few Job barbers in this land of ours, but you can count me out. In my ten years' experience as a barber, two of those years was as a proprietor, and the other eight a sort of a slave. Anyhow, while doing business for myself, or at any time, I can truthfully say that I never swelled up or considered myself above any man. I was a union man in principal and stayed by their prices. No five cent shaves or fifteen cent hair cuts went with me. The love I had for my stomach would not allow it. I was also a barber that was strongly in favor of the eight o'clock closing five nights each week, and fifty-two weeks in each year. Was dead sore on the opening of the shops on Sunday forenoons, which is done to a very great extent, especially in the hotel shops of the cities. I myself had all the barbering I cared for six days out of seven; and to work on the forenoon of the seventh day for the sake of knocking out a few dollars for a tight wad, I would not. Now what I mean by a tight wad, is this. I have worked for a few barber proprietors in my time that neither smoked, chewed or drank the beverage; neither did they drink tea or

coffee; none of these things, not even for pleasure, sociability or durability. All they seemed to care for was to count their quarters and dimes, then go to the rear end of the shop and recount them, fearing that one little insignificant coin might have gotten away. The dentist could not see everything in the same light that I did, and thought our prices a little steep. I told him that he could pull a tooth in one-half minute and receive for the same, fifty cents. Could also take an impression, make a set of teeth in eight hours, and receive fifteen dollars for that; and so with all other of his work, prices in proportion. His feathers dropped. He took offense at what I had said and quit that shop. The boss, Mr. Fry, upbraided me for the truth I had told that doctor and I retaliated, gathered up my tools, and quit him about the same time that doctor quit me.

I wasn't caring very much whether I ever worked another day as a journeyman barber, and would look up a nice little shop in a good location, and make the purchase. I was not without coin, Oh, no and of which I will tell you later on. I finally found a four chaired shop that just suited me and bought it for four hundred dollars. I was one barber short and telegraphed for Chink-eye to come. One message was enough, for he was right on

hand like a wart. I put Chink-eye on the first chair, as I knew his work was first class. The other two men that were with me were, of course, strangers, but nice quiet boys. I gave Chink-eye twelve dollars a week, the second man eleven, the third ten, and I took the leavings whatever it might be. I had two bath-tubs in connection with the shop, and the first week we copped out sixty-five dollars. My expenses for that week were forty-nine dollars and eighty cents. I was satisfied and felt that we could by the time eight months had rolled around, improve the trade at least forty per cent. When it reached forty per cent. I began to think that humanity was loosening. I did not care to take all the big end of the profits, so I raised Chink-eye's wages to fourteen dollars, Ward's to thirteen, and Benskins to twelve. I of course had but two more months in the city, then I would be off for New York. I thought the boys would profit at least a little in those two months, and would surely strengthen our friendship. One week later I articed with the man at the second chair, Mr. Ward, for two months hence at six hundred dollars. And said to Chink-eye, that if I would go into business for myself in New York, if he would come and work for me. He promised me that he would. You see, that ten months of being my own

boss forever spoiled me of working as a journeyman barber. And to think how much money I had lost by so doing made me feel sick. Anyhow, the time had flown and it was no use to cry over spilled milk. One day we were all sitting in the shop with nothing to do; I looked over at Chink-eye; he was sitting there reading the news; it came to my mind of that narrow escape we had at that boxing contest at Baltimore; and I said, "Say, Chink-eye, did you read that article in the paper about that whangdoodle?"

"No I didn't, Frejolity, but the night I had my leg slit, I heard one moaning."

"That was a hot time, wasn't it Chink-eye?"

"You bet, and say Frejolity, I suppose you remember the beer-garden? and the royal bump that Billy Goat gave you?"

"Very distinctly, Mr. Chink-eye, and I don't think I shall ever forget that memorable day and night; and sir, that bump little Billy gave me I feel I shall never fully recover from."

"I suppose not," said Chink-eye. "But how about the Billy Goat, do you think he will recover?"

"Not much Mary Ann; for the last look I took at him he was having a congestive chill. You remember the morning papers came out in large headlines about the most diabolical

murder ever committed on a dumb animal, and that twenty-five dollars reward would be given for the arrest of the murderer. That hurt my feelings considerable, but I held my peace, for I well knew on which side my bread was buttered."

"Well, Mr. Frejolity, I presume you also remember distinctly the flashy headlines in that same paper concerning that boxing contest; you know you brought the paper down to my boarding-house, as I was not able to be out."

"Yes, Chink-eye, I remember all of that and then some. It was a sorry old night for some of those Laplanders, for many of them were arrested and placed behind the bars. As far as the contest was concerned, I think it was all on the square. Never a foul was struck by Spain in that third round, and I was very much pleased when I saw an item in the paper a short time after that, saying that Spain received that fifty dollars. She well deserved it, for she finished Ireland up to a queen's taste. Say, Chink-eye, wasn't she a darling?"

"Don't mention it," said Chink-eye. "I never said anything to you about her beauty, and how I had fallen in love with her."

"Now, Chink-eye, let me tell you something; don't never marry a woman like that one; you know your failing; your face would

continually be in mourning." Just at that moment there passed five or six Gray horses one after another. I noticed three or four of them watched our shop quite closely. I waited, and when they returned I grabbed a flattish like bottle off the dresser and shook it quite lively. They coughed, that settled it. They had made the turn. The city of Philadelphia beats them all out for Old Gray horses.

There still remained one more week for me in the Quaker City, and I hated to leave it; for its a city of live and let live. On the coming Sunday, which was the next day, I felt that I would like to take with me to New York a few oriental pigtails; or in other words, Chinese wigs, and made arrangements with Chink-eye to go with me to Chinatown in the evening. When the time arrived I slipped a pair of shears into my pocket for the occasion; Chink-eye did the same, and we arrived on the spot a little before dark.

Now this Chinatown that I am about to tell you of is a locality the like of which the civilized world cannot produce. The Chinatown of San Francisco, that of Denver, and the Mott Street district of New York are different. The Chinatown of Philadelphia is as deep a mystery to Philadelphians as is Mars. Dark, dirty and forbidding, Chinatown rests secure, and the Cantonose in the colony smile serenely

and are silent. The picturesque yet unsightly block called Chinatown fronts on Race street, between Ninth and Tenth, and embraces in all about one city square. It has no creed or color; the Christian Mission is tolerated, the joss-house is supported, but the masses will have to do with neither. The section opens soon after midnight, and is scarcely worth a visit until that hour. The excitement lasts some two or three hours and then silence reigns. Lee Tay, the Mayor of Chinatown, says, that only one thousand Chinamen live in Philadelphia. Reverend Frederick Root who was in charge of the Christian Mission fixes the number at about three thousand, and the police assert that there are no less than five thousand in the city every Sunday. Anyhow, Chink-eye and I were there good and strong, but not strong enough to remain long, as it was dangerous ground to be treading over after dark. They reminded me very much of those wharf rats down at New Orleans, in at one door, out at another. Men, women and children, all dirty and degrading. We spent a couple of dollars apiece in a dope den while watching and waiting for an opportunity to sever their pigtails, but the longer we remained the more dangerous it seemed for us, so we thought it best to be out on the street; and to the street we went. In prom-

enading around we met a couple of fairly nice looking Chinese ladies and went with them for a little stroll. Chink-eye and his partner were but a short distance in advance of me, and but a few minutes had elapsed when I heard Chink-eye's girl give an awful squall. That of course stirred up quite a hornet's nest among the inhabitants of Chinatown, and I was off like a meteor. And before I had gotten out of that Chinatown, I had knocked down with my fist five men, upset three women and two kids. And during that heat, six bullets had missed me and the seventh I was harboring in the calf of my left leg. Fifty-one bullets under those circumstances would not have stopped me, for I realized if caught, that hash meat would have been my doom. My speed and second wind took me to my boarding-house in safety, but must have that Chinese bullet pulled out of its hiding before retiring for the night. I went to a nearby doctor, he smiled, he pushed, he pulled, I squealed, and I squalled, but it did no good, come it must, come it did. The pain in my leg did not bother me, but not knowing how Chink-eye escaped gave me considerable worry. When I arrived at the shop the next morning, Chink-eye was there as sound as a daddy dollar. "Hello there, Chink-eye," said I. "I am happy to see you. How are all the folks?"

"Oh," said he, "Pap and Mam are well, and I am free from bullet holes and bullets. Also short of Chinese pigtails or parts of Chinese pigtails. I suppose, Frejolity, that you met the enemy heroically?"

"Well, yes, Chink-eye, I met several of them, but not very heroically as you call it. You know that a dead hero is no good, so I retired from the scene rather a lively coward. Look here Chink-eye," showing him the bullet, "I brought this with me as a remembrance of our last outing together in the city of Philadelphia."

"But where did you get it?" said Chink-eye.

"Why, in the leg; one of those almond-eyed wharf rats fired it into the calf of my leg last night."

"Tough luck Frejolity, and how did you get home?"

"Say, Chink-eye, don't you think for one moment that a piece of lead the size of that located where it was would ever stop me. And you bet I reached my boarding-house on New York Central time, and I'll be in trim to start for New York on the coming Sunday."

My last Saturday's work came to a close at 12 M. I handed my hired man, Mr. Ruffner, the key, and in return he presented me with six crisp one hundred dollar bills. I made a

call at the shop on Sunday morning to shave myself and to bid the boys a last good-bye. I always done my own shaving, as barbers do not care very much to shave one another. Once over and I was ready to take my leave for the metropolis of the world. Bidding the boys good-bye, with best wishes for their success through life, I, my little valise and Chink-eye boarded a car for the station.

CHAPTER IX.

I had just twenty minutes to rubber, and the train that I was to take came thundering along. I once more shook the hand of my friend Chink-eye, and climbed on board of the old smoky looking wheeler. "All aboard," brawled out a big-mouthed Irish conductor, and away we went. Sometimes straight up, then straight down; over trussels and through trussels; around the hills, and through the hills; any way to get there, expecting every moment to be plunged into eternity. It reminding me somewhat of my ride through Colorado. Will give the reader the rules and regulations of that road from a card handed to me by a brother passenger. It reads like this:—

"Dispatched every morning. Quickest time.

RUM POLICY, President.

SURE DEATH, Superintendent.

"Through tickets are sold by all sample rooms and rum holes. They being our only authorized agents. The rates of fare are higher by this than any other route, but the speed with which the journey is accomplished more than compensates the difference in the fare.

"All trains are through trains, and passengers by this route were never known to fail in making good connections.

"All trains will stop at Reformation Burg, or Temperance Town, if passengers desire to leave the train at either of these stations. But all persons so stopping will forfeit their through tickets to Sulphurdom. Sleeping cars are provided for through passengers who will be awakened frequently, that an opportunity for Alcoholic refreshments may be given. Baggage or clothing taken as security for passage. A pawn-broker accompanying every train. Any passenger discovered on board without money, ticket or security, will be immediately thrown off without stopping the train.

"Special trains will be dispatched at any time an application is made to the Superintendent for political conventions, picnic parties and all associations owing allegiance to King Gamberimus or King Alcohol."

You now have the rules and regulations of that railroad on paper.

I arrived in New York City sound as a dollar, with the exception of slight traces of soreness in the calf of my leg, caused by that Mongolian bullet at Philadelphia. That was all right, and we, Chink-eye and I, were thank-

ful that we both lived, moved, and had our scalps and thoughtful minds beneath those same scalps. After I had reached New York proper I seemed very much at a loss to know what to do first; so I took a little hot whiskey; and by the way it tasted it must have been less than sixty-five proof. Kentucky is the place to get your good whiskey; no sixty-five proof set out to a man there; its usually ninety and one hundred. I suppose they reserve the high grade barleycorn for the old broken down sports of that city. Anyhow, I failed to get what I paid for. I then swallowed some bread and porter-house steak with a strong cup of coffee for a rinser. With that down, I felt stronger and ready to make the start to find a place to eat and sleep. Also a place where a man's life would be safe with a dollar in his pocket. That village was a little too large for me to act as my own judge, and the first time that I asked the assistance of a brother in my lodge. His knowledge of that city, or parts of it, found for me the best place at which I had yet stopped, but the price was eight dollars a week, board and lodging. That was alright, there was a city with stacks of money piled up in the windows. I stopped several times to investigate the material, and those big Irish policemen would say, "keep moving" and I would move.

I was onto those fellows, especially the Irish. Think they would not trade places with Oom Paul. I felt that I would soon be getting a little of that same kind of stuff that I saw in the large windows of New York City. On Wednesday morning I purchased a six chaired shop, a little out from a little the fastest hustle and bustle that I ever saw. That was all-right, for it was business. I paid for that six chaired shop, and two bath-tubs even eight hundred dollars; then I telegraphed Chink-eye. He soon arrived and we were once more happy together. Counting myself, I had a full set of barbers. Starting Chink-eye on the first chair at fourteen dollars per week, the second at thirteen, the third at twelve, then eleven and ten dollars, made my expense, all told, about ninety-eight dollars per week. The boy that kept the shop in order and waited on the trade, received all extras, which netted him ten dollars a week. Some of my trade was a little on the dirty order, that is, with themselves. I tried every way to train them otherwise, and at the same time not hurt their feelings. Not succeeding we took another way to accomplish that end, and the first thing we knew those chaps had gone elsewhere with their work and cleaner trade soon filled their places. The first week my profits were cut down to five dollars in the hole.

The boys wanted to make it up, but I said "no, that will come back to me tenfold before my year comes to a close." It did, and the boys knew it when I raised their wages. The first six months my banking averaged me over and above all expenses, thirty dollars per week. Had it gotten any better than that, or not quite so much, I would have been satisfied. There is much to be seen in New York, more than I am able to tell you. I surveyed a portion of it on foot, and another portion of it on two wheels; I biked it a few times up a long street, down a short street, and around any old street. When I say around any old street, I don't mean around the big city, I guess not, but just enough to realize that I was not in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, the little Indian village. I would be pleased to see that village, as I have heard so much of it in passing through the central states. People can talk of the sky-scrapers of Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston, but I'll bet that if any of you who have read this book should go to New York (that has never been there), would come very near unjointing your necks looking upward to see the heights of some of those buildings. I did not stop to investigate them any length of time, or I might have had an attack of Spinal Menengitis. I've been there, slept there, and suffered many a

sleepless night with insomnia, thinking of wind, lightning, fire and the poor suffering humanity that live and move in that city, looking for anything that would keep soul and body together. Lightning, wind and fire, always did scare me, especially in the cities. The flashes seem sharper, the wind stronger, and the fire escape harder to find. Whenever there was a frightful storm came along, and wherever it caught me, I wilted like a whipped pup, and thought to myself, well done good and faithful servant, go up higher. But I never went up. The ground was usually high enough to suit me in time of storm. That floor storm Chink-eye and I were in at that boxing contest at Baltimore, made me feel like crawling into some rat or crawfish hole.

Well, Chink-eye and myself had been figuring on going out for some kind of a time. It did not make much difference to us what kind of a time that time was, just so we got our money's worth. By chance I got a tip from a friend of Chink-eye's, and a customer of our shop, of a ratting match that was to take place in rather a low groggery not far from Greenwood Cemetery. The roughs and toughs from New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey and Staten Island were to be present. Such sport would be something new to us and we would go. The contest was to come off on

the coming Thursday night and to be on the quiet. Chink-eye's friend gave us a recommend and number so that all would be smooth sailing for us. When we went to supper I told the boys that we would not return to the shop any more that night, and that the second man should make up the cash for that day. Chink-eye dined with me that evening after which we boarded a car for the scene; arriving on the spot in good time. No trouble whatever in getting in with our recommend and the price. There were seven dogs, to each dog there were allowed 25 rats, and the dog killing his quota in the quickest time to take the pool of \$350.00, which was the amount put up by the owners of the dogs. The rules did not allow the cracking of the rats, which means, taking a pair of pinchers and snapping off their teeth. The dogs therefore, had hard work before them. Laddie Dugan was chosen referee. New York had the first inning and produced a pretty little black-and-tan creature who seemed to enjoy her opportunity. It was a snap and a throw for each rat, and in eight minutes and ten seconds the 25 were dead in the pit. This was not regarded by the company as very quick work, and bets were freely offered that the next dog would beat it. The proprietor had the next turn, and brought out an English

Terrier. He did well until a big rodent turned upon him; he then weakened and his work was not completed before sixteen minutes had elapsed. It was Staten Island's turn next, and Williamson who represented it brought out an Irish Bull Terrier with teeth almost as sharp as a dagger's point. He had had considerable experience and finished his task in four minutes and forty seconds. The best time made; and received the pool. New Jersey's turn came next with an Irish white Bull Terrier, and his 25 rats were dead in eight minutes after he began. On this dog I won twenty-five dollars. New York's chance came again, and a sharp Scotch Terrier was brought forward. He finished in seven minutes and one second. Brooklyn came with another black-and-tan that had taken part in several matches before and always came off the victor and the betting was heavy. Chink-eye managed to get up \$60.00, and Frejolity but \$30.00. When he was let into the pit, the rats scattered in all directions. and had it not been for that scatterment he would, in the estimation of the crowd, have won the pool; as it was, he finished in five minutes. I had bet my \$30.00 on five minutes time, and again was winner; making me a total of \$55.00 better off than when I came. Chink-eye won his \$60.00 on four minutes and fifty seconds against five

and one-half minutes. The next dog was from Williamsburg, and of no account; for after killing fifteen of his rodents he backed down. Now, as I said before, this gathering was made up of roughs and toughs, and a man with little experience with dogs and rats should keep that little experience under his hat. For, with one misplaced word he was liable to get his nose punched. The losers in the different fights had gotten pretty well jagged, and were looking for trouble. Chink-eye and I smelled something brewing, the room was filled with all kinds of smoke flavorings from that of a fine Havana filler to a rubbed up gutter snipe. I said to Chink-eye, "here old boy, we've gotten all the dough out of this thing that's to be had, and its now high time for us to be pushing out of this."

"Enough said," said Chink-eye, "for it looks very much like there was a hot wave coming." It was then 2 A. M. We had to pass through a dark room at the rear end of the building into an alley. We made a sly sneak and reached the alley and street in safety. More than we expected, for we had been watched. Anyhow, we had in our inside pockets a total of \$115.00 of the old broken down boozers' money. The cab was as ordered in waiting for us at a given number,

and we were soon off for our little bed. Chink-eye slept and breakfasted with me, and we reached the shop the next morning at 9:30 A. M. Everything was rosy there with the exception that one of the boys had had a little scrap with some kicker or smart Aleck that came in to have his hair cut. I suppose the swell had no confidence in Henry (as that was the barber's name, Henry Clouse), nor any other artist except his regular hair cutter. I have seen barbers working at their chairs that were not artists enough to mix mud properly, suit some people just because of confidence. And be the work ever so homely, they would come again. I say, "poor suffering humanity." I did not care anything about the fight, only, I did not like to see my man scraping mugs with a couple of black eyes. I always told my men to shave the trade easy and smooth, charge for all extras, such as neck shaves, ear trims, eyebrow, moustache and nose trims. To cut their hair as near to their order as possible and nature would do the rest as it grew out. The funny part of his scrap was his black eyes he was carrying. He said his fighting partner had one front tooth knocked out, he did not care to take it with him, and handed it to me. I looked at it a moment and then said, "Well, Henry, that's a tooth alright, was it hard to raise?"

"Oh, no," said he, "one punch and it was all over; except the holloing. I rushed to the back room, for I was dazed so from his punches that I could scarcely see anything. He raved like a captured gorilla, and would listen to nothing; so I called in Mike the policeman and he took him away."

The next sporting contest that we attended was a cocking main over in Jersey City, New Jersey. At this contest we had an interested party go with us. We entered a large well lighted basement by a rear cellar way, and was under a wholesale liquor store. The fighting of the cock-birds did not commence until all other business had closed, which was about 11:30 P. M. That gathering of humanity was a different looking people from those at the ratting contest. Fine looking men, dressed up-to-date and did not care for the losing of their money. The main commenced at 15 minutes of twelve P. M., lasted until 4 A. M. It was another something new to Chink-eye and I and we watched very closely the first two fights, then commenced our betting. My bets ranged from ten to twenty-five dollars a fight, and I was lucky enough to make eight bets. Three of them at twenty-five dollars each, winning two out of three. Three more at fifteen dollars each, winning two out of the three. The other two were of

\$10.00 each, winning both of them; making me winner for the night just \$100.00. Chink-eye did still better than I did. Out of fourteen fights he made ten bets, eight of them at \$15.00, two at ten; lost one \$15.00 bet, and one of ten. Chink-eye's winnings were \$115.00. We both felt gay and happy, thought we were the whole push. We left Jersey City so full of old John Barley Corn that we did not know whether we came back to New York on a ferry or swam it. What beat me, I couldn't think of Chink-eye's name. I called him whangdoodle. He was too drunk to remember my name, and he called me Billy Goat. So it was Whang and Billy with us for at least two or three hours. By noon we were braced up fairly well, went to the shop together, played horse and soldiered on the boys all that afternoon. Finally, one of them said, "Say Frejolity, what in thunder is the matter with you and Chink-eye? you both seem on the bum. If sick, I will call in a doctor. Or is it the loss of your long green that makes you feel and look so sick?"

"Not much, Mary Ann," said I.

"Oh, no, boys," said Chink-eye, "All I wanted was a little bit off of the top, and here it is," pulling from his pocket that one hundred and fifteen dollar roll. The clock in the tower could not strike eight any too soon

to suit us, for we were very tired and sleepy. By morning we had brightened up and barbering went along as of yore. Chink-eye and I had become fast friends, and usually, wherever one went the other followed. Time was swiftly passing by, and we felt like taking another change from that of barbering. It was on Friday, and on Saturday night we made out to visit the city of New Haven, Conn., as there was to be a two days' boat excursion up there, or down there, I don't know which way to call it, but know to a certainty that it was one way or the other; *mox nix ous* with us. When Sunday morning came we started for the dock. Just as we were about to board the steamer, I asked Chink-eye if he had brought a sufficient amount of the goods with him, as we could not tell what might turn up. "Oh, yes," said he, "Think a couple of fifties will be enough, what think you?"

"Well, Chink-eye, I'll tell you what I think, I think you have one fifty more than I have. I didn't suppose we were going down to New Haven to buy a farm, or I would have run a little extra wad of it down in my trousers. But that's alright, we may need it all and then some. Can't tell what the old blue laws have in store for us way down in

Connecticut. You know they call that the little Nutmeg State."

"Is that so?" said Chink-eye, "It might be that we will not be able to find a spot to sit down on when we reach the meg."

"What meg is that, Chink-eye?"

"Why, nutmeg, of course."

"Don't get funny, Chink-eye, for I'll bet if I want to sit down, I'll find a place, if its on some big fat woman. You know, I don't care so very much who I sit down on when real tired." Anyhow, we were off for New Haven. I suppose a distance of at least one hundred miles from New York. The water was smooth just part way. Some six or seven hundred people were on board the vessel, and with a variety of the sweetest and sourest New York and Brooklyn Irish girls that I ever smiled upon. Chink-eye was wild with joy, he had caught on to about the prettiest little lady that I ever saw, and was loading her down with ice-cream sodas, bananas and peanuts. I told him on the Q. T. to let up or she might sicken on his hands. I was determined not to be out done by Chink-eye, so I pushed around over the vessel a few times and rounded up in front of him with equally as pretty a young lady as he had, and from Brooklyn; so she said. Neither of the girls knew each other and neither of us boys knew the girls.

I soon fixed that. I introduced my girl to Chink-eye and his girl as Miss Jollie of Brooklyn. Chink-eye then introduced his girl to me and my girl as Miss Hannah of New York. That name seemed very familiar to me as I had heard it quite often back in Ohio. Well, it was Jollie and Hannah all the way to New Haven. When about half way a light breeze came up and wafted our little canoe round about face a few times, then it wasn't so jolly. For Chink-eye's girl sickened with her load of luxuries. My lady also became a little squamish. We left them in their embarrassment and moved down to the bar. You all know what and where that is on a boat. We took a big snifter of something that went down like a lot of nails. We were then ready to return to our ladies. And on our return to them the mark of Chink-eye's money lay there before his girl on the carpet. I sized up the pile, then said, "We are not nearing the Bermuda Islands, are we, Chink-eye?"

"I think not," said he, "Not if the Captain understands his business."

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Oh, I just thought I saw traces of onion tops with your girl's pile of relief."

"Now, Frejolity, don't make fun of that little innocent girl, she has done well."

"You know I told you, Chink-eye, that you should let up on that fill in when you and your lady were making that rush for those bananas, but you would not. Hello, what does that mean, the boat whistle is blowing, let's look, say Chink-eye, we are nearing the city of New Haven, and can't be bothered with those girls. We came down here for a time. Let's keep our distance from them, can see them again on our return to New York."

"Alright, begosh," said Chink. "That will just suit me nicely."

We left the boat and soon disappeared from their sight. Our vessel was due to start back on the following day at 2 P. M. We put in a part of that Sunday parading around the city, and the other part with a jolly set of white barbers in a game of craps. The game broke up at 1:30 A. M. I came out winner just \$8.00, Chink-eye losing some \$14.00. We then hustled off to a hotel, leaving orders with the night clerk to call us at 8:30. He did his part but we did not get up at his call and missed our breakfast; so we went to a Restaurant for that, after which we had a few games of billiards and at the same time drew the smoke through a Havana filler.

The time was fast approaching for our boat to leave. We took a drink of Sherry wine and another cigar, then started for the dock.

Had not gone more than one square and we saw to our surprise, Jollie and Hannah coming our way. I did not care for their company back and told Chink-eye so.

"What kind of an excuse can we make?" said Chink-eye.

"I don't know," said I. "They are now so near us that its too late to even think or try to crawfish. If they stop, we will make the best out of it that we can." They, of course, stopped and told us what a fine visit they had with their grandfathers, their cousins and aunts. We bowed our prettiest, smiled our sweetest, and rubbed our hands just like you have oftentimes seen business men do with a customer, when they did not mean it at all. Its the big old dollar that makes the business man smile and rub his hands. Anyway, we must show ourselves as gentlemen, even if we did want to rid ourselves of their company. They finally finished the big end of their chatter and our quartet moved down street, and came to a market where fish were being sold. A well dressed lady was making the purchase of quite a large white fish from a man, I suppose, fifty years of age. It was one of the finest looking fish that I ever saw. All four of us wishing to see the water specie, lined up in front of that market. As we did this I thought to myself, we will just have a

little fun before we leave the city of New Haven. So I stepped up to the lady purchaser and said, "Missus, you will excuse me, please, but I have traveled over Europe, Asia, Africa and the Holy Lands, I have viewed the Pyramids, sailed on the Nile, and fished in the Tiber, permit me to offer you a word of advice, don't cook that fish with the scales on it."

"I don't mean to sir," she indignantly replied.

Just then my girl punched me in the ribs with her umbrella, and said, "Come, Frejolity, let's be going." Chink-eye was in the height of his glory and gave me the wink for some more of that same material. I then said:

"Very well, Missus, but I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean fourteen times, ascended the Andes, sailed up the Missouri and down the Mississippi, tramped it across the Great Sahara Desert, let me say one word more, cut the head off of that fish before you cook it."

"You don't think I am a heathen," she retorted. "I guess I know how to cook a fish."

The girls by that time had gotten very uneasy, and begged of me to go. But I said to them, "Just wait one little minute yet, then we will be off." But no more waiting with them, oh, no, they had stood it until their patience had become a burden to them, and

away they went. Chink-eye had both of his hands pushed down into his pants pockets and squirming like a fish-worm. I said to him, "What's the matter Chink-eye, have you got the colic?"

"Not any colic, Mr. Frejolity, just speel away, you are the first barber orator that I have ever heard. I am only a little tea-kettled."

I then said to the lady, "I beg pardon, Missus, but I have soldiered for Queen Victoria, fought for Uncle Sam, drawn a pension, kept a post-office, learned to fiddle and was never sued in my life, let me advise you not to eat the bones of that fish. Some folks eat the bones, but sooner or later come to some disputable end."

"I will thank you to mind your own business," said she, as she picked up the fish to go.

"Lady," said I, "I have traveled over the smooth prairies with the greatest politeness, climbed the Rocky Mountains, killed Indians, fought grizzlies, suffered, starved and perished, I now leave you with the kindest and most earnest wishes for your future welfare; so, before leaving you, I would suggest that you cut off the tail of that fish before cooking."

"By that time the old fish-man had an attack of insanity and was going to trounce me. I objected, and a crowd was fast gathering

around us. In some way Chink-eye discovered a cop coming, and whispered in my ear, "Say, Frejolity, here comes an Irishman." I knew the rest. We must make good time for our boat was almost due to leave. We took the middle of the street, not being so liable to run up against the moving humanity. Of course, it would not have made much difference if we had run over a few of the old Gray horses, as we might be considered half brothers to those that have made the turn, and at that stage of their life they are tougher than an oak knot. Chink-eye was in the lead, and when about thirty yards from the boat, we saw the gang plank had been pulled in, the vessel was moving, and was out some seven or eight feet from the water's edge. The excursionists saw us coming, and you all know how a crowd of people usually squall on an occasion of that kind. I was determined, and holloed to Chink-eye to make the leap. He did so, and landed all O. K. I missed it by over a foot and down I went. There must have been a terrible suction of some kind down below, for I went around a few times like a fly-wheel on an engine. All of a sudden it loosened, and up I came within arm's reach of the vessel. Chink-eye was equal to the occasion, for he caught me by the coat-tail and with other assistance pulled

me in. Took me to a state room and put me to bed. He then squeezed out and dried my breeches, and I went back into those same breeches in less than two hours' time. Did not feel so very bad over my ducking, but would rather not have taken so much of that salt water into my stomach. I thought of that white fish and of the salty codfish, then forced a couple of big brandies down my neck, and once more felt like the same Azariah Frejolity. Chink-eye never forgot the fish scene in New Haven, the expression of that lady's countenance, and the big swelled up red faced fish-man. And that scene never will be forgotten by me. Neither will the punishment that I received in return for that fish act in the way of a salt water bath. We ridded ourselves of the girls all right on land, but they seemed to scent our tracks on the vessel. And on passing us for the third time, Miss Jollie said to her partner loud enough that we might hear it, "Our Sunday-School teacher over in Brooklyn tells us that cleanliness is next to Godliness." I saw the point, she was giving it to me over my salt water ducking. I smiled and replied, "Say, my little woonsey toonsey, did I understand you to say that Timothy was operating a bath-house up along the Yucon River?"

"No, Mr. Frejolity, I said nothing of that

sort. I can't understand what you are giving me. Won't you please explain about that Yucon River and that man Timothy?"

"Miss Jollie," said I, "The Yucon River is away, way up in Alaska. You know where Fort Yucon is?"

"No, indeed," said she, "That's beyond my education."

"Well, that's up there too," said I. She was warming up around the collar, but I continued, "I will have to guess at it a little when I explain to you the relationship between Alaska, Fort Yucon and the Yucon River to Timothy. I think that Timothy is the father of Alaska, that Alaska is a grandfather of Fort Yucon, and a great-great-grandfather of the Yucon River." At that she gave me another punch in the ribs with that same umbrella. She seemed to have it in for my ribs. Chink-eye fell back on a tête with side-splitting laughter, and the girls left us for keeps. Just then the boat whistle sounded the signal that we had or would, very soon arrive at our landing. On leaving the boat we saluted the ladies for the last time. As my time in New York was fast passing away and I did not think a man with as much sense as a skinned rabbit should gain the affections of a young lady, then turn on a cold wave. We boarded a street car, rode a few squares together then

parted, both of us feeling amply rewarded for our time and money. On Tuesday morning we met at the shop with smiles on our faces, and the lathering of mugs began again. And while shaving those mugs my thoughts became saddened, and remained saddened the balance of that day; knowing that in two weeks more I would be off for Boston, and that I did not care to leave New York. For I do not think there stands in this world a city that is as sporty and moneyfied as that metropolis. I found a buyer for my shop at the same price that I paid, but would not sell. The trade had increased to a paying investment, and I must have, at least, \$1000.00. Finally, one day there was a well dressed gentleman came into the shop for a shave. I caught him on purpose, thinking he might be of the same profession that I was. You know barbers can very nearly tell a brother when he steps in the shop. During our conversation I found his name to be Frank Bender, a barber from Cleveland, O., and that he was looking up a shop in the city. I told him that I would sell my place on the coming Saturday night, handed him my book of receipts, so that he might see my daily and yearly income, and that the shop was before him to investigate at any time. My price for the same was \$1000.00. This was on Tuesday, and on Thursday of

of the same week he made the purchase. On Saturday at 12 M. I handed the key over to Mr. Bender.

I made arrangements for us barbers to meet in the shop on Sunday afternoon at 2 P. M., that it would be our last opportunity of meeting together as I would be off for Boston early Monday morning. I did not sleep well that night, thinking, perhaps, I had made the one mistake of my life by selling out a good thing. But I had my mind fixed on Honduras, Central America, and there I would go if I lost all of my ten years' savings. We all met at the shop as was arranged, and had our last round of pleasure in the way of cracking a few bottles of champaign, a few jokes and a little of the old game called Euchre. The Euchre, of course, was just for pastime. I never played cards for money, and hope that I never will. The boys tired and left the shop; while Mr. Bender and I remained to have a little chat in private, which went like this:

"Mr. Bender," said I, "as we are left here all alone, I will put you on your guard here in this your strange shop and strange people. You will find men in New York, as, I suppose, you have in the city of Cleveland, that have no more regard for a barber than they would for a rag picker or a roust-about in a livery stable. These men will step into this

shop, take your chair, and order what they call a ten cent hair trim. I never learned what a ten cent hair trim was, neither do I care to, as I think too much of my profession for that. Anyway, they try their best to get any and all extras that they can free of charge, and nine times out of ten these same men on leaving the shop will step into the first saloon they come to and spend from fifty to one hundred cents for drinks over the bar. Perhaps lose the same amount in some slot machine and think nothing of it. Now, Mr. Mr. Bender, I'll tell you a little more before we part. A part of my trade at this shop has been trained to an easy and clean shave; in other words, just with the grain. No pet business goes with them nor with us. They are also in the habit of paying for all extras that they may order, and if you vary from this way of doing business you will be the loser almost your expenses outside of your shop hire. Don't give them the chance to take advantage of your labor. I lost some trade in this training, but the majority of them were cranks and swell-heads. It did not make any difference with me, for I felt that for each one of that kind of customers that left us, two others would take their place. And that some of the strays would come sneaking back and take their medicine

like little men. They'll conclude that it isn't so pleasant to have their whiskers pulled out, and off, at some scab shop. Too many extras free of charge and cut prices means soup. When it comes to that, I for one am ready to eat grass."

"Well, Mr. Frejolity," said he, "I must confess that I have not worked as a journeyman barber in one shop of that kind, neither have I operated such, and am sure that I will be very happy to conduct the business of this shop on that same line."

"I hope so, Mr. Bender, and that you will never give in to the giving away of your time; for time is money. And now, Mr. Bender, as the shades of night are fast approaching, I'll be going, wishing you health and prosperity I bid you good-bye."

I went home and retired early, for I was to leave the city on the 8:30 train. Chink-eye met me at the depot, and would not have it any other way than that I buy a small shop in Boston, to not pay over \$500.00 for it, and at the expiration of my year he would purchase it of me at a profit in my favor of \$200. "Alright Chink-eye, I'll do it. You could have had the New York shop at cost, but you know you were troubled with the shorts. In just one year from now I'll be sailing over the Atlantic Ocean for Honduras, Central

America; and to do that I must have money. You know its too far to swim."

"Yep," said Chink-eye with a smile, "and then, Mr. Frejolity, I think you would have a more difficult time of that swim than you had the time you took the salt water bath at New Haven."

"I presume so, Chink-eye, but let that be as it may, we will ever remember each other by the happy times we have had together. And, now, old boy, here comes that iron machine that takes me to Boston. I'll again take you by the hand and say good-bye. Chink-eye, may you live long and prosper. I'll write or telegraph you in the near future."

CHAPTER X.

As the train was speeding its way into Boston, I realized to a certainty that my time in the States was rapidly passing away, and that my last year of barbering would come to a close in that city, for at least a time, and that that time might be forever; for I was becoming so uneasy and dissatisfied with the business. If it had not been for the large amount of gratis work and kicking in barbering, I would have continued to push and pull the tally-ho and Heinisch razors for at least a few years longer, or until I would have suspected the turning point from a barber to an Old Gray horse. I think that would stop me deader than father's old wall clock. Anyhow, I would not care to change my diet from spring chicken and porter-house steak to corn and hay. That would have been still worse than the miserable growlers and kickers. When our train whistled for the "Hub" and stopped, I was, of course, anxious to step off on jack-wax soil. And in so doing I ran a nail through the sole of my right shoe into the ball of my foot, which laid me up for one week. I tied swine rind on that nail hole

for three days, then it began to recover. In three more days Frejolity could be seen wending his way to and from his daily labor. I found a first class boarding-house well up in the city, and rather a cleanly little three chaired shop to work in at a salary of \$12.00 per week. I had been with Mr. Snyder, as that was his name, just one month. His trade was fair, and shop so located that it could be made a pippin by all hands doing easy and clean work. And I made him an offer of \$500 spot cash for it. He hesitated at first, but finally said he would take \$600. "Its mine," said I, and immediately wired for Chink-eye. On the following week he arrived, feeling as gay and happy as a blue-jay. And there once more mingled together a pair of happy barbers. I put Chink-eye on the first chair, for he could not be beat on easy shaving, and the second chair was operated by the same man that had been there for the past ten months. Mr. Adams was his name and from Buffalo, N. Y., while I worked at the third and last chair. All three of us were single men and were at liberty to go in turns and do as we pleased. That is, within the bounds of the law; and otherwise than the law where we might have a little fun and at the same time make our escape from that same fun without being arrested. On Thurs-

day morning we were all three sitting in the shop with nothing to do, in came one of our customers a very large man and by the way an undertaker. He was after a barber to go out one mile from the city to shave an old gentleman that had died sometime during the early morning. "Who will go?" said I.

"Let's draw cuts," said Chink-eye.

"Alright," said Adams.

We drew and the job fell to my lot. I did not know the corpse or his friends, but had a guarantee from the undertaker for my pay, which was \$5.00, and he to take me out and back. He took me out, but I ran, walked, and landed at the shop on a street car. Will tell you how it was: I had never shaved but one dead man during my barbering experience, and it made me feel a little whe-wha and creepy up and down my spinal column. When we arrived at the house the supposed dead man was lying on the flat of his back on the front side of the bed, and on a set of very springy springs. When I had him nicely lathered, I stropped my razor and took what I supposed the easiest way for me to operate, which was on the edge of the bed just in front of the corpse. In doing that, the springs sank so low that it overbalanced me and the corpse, and we both went to the floor, I underneath and the corpse on top. I was greatly fright-

ened and soon rid myself of him and made a rush for the door. When out, the first thing I saw was that big fat undertaker running as if there had been some murder committed, and not much of a run at that. A sort of widdlety waddlety style. I was going in the same direction and in passing him I yelled, "Hustle up, fatty, he is coming with a knife." And that undertaker almost winded, squalled out "For heavens sake, Frejolity, get there, I can't." I expect I made one of the swiftest records going across that meadow of any in all my running experience. I looked back once to see if the corpse was actually coming, and could see nothing of either the corpse or the undertaker. I thought, perhaps, the corpse had eaten him up. At the house it seemed all hustle and bustle. A woman with a large white rag waved me onward, and onward I went. On reaching the road I had yet one mile to the city. That road was quite muddy and so was I. When I reached the street car line I was perspiring like a rail splitter. That made no difference to me, the first car that went my way I went with it. On entering the shop Chink-eye looked at me and smiled but said nothing, for, I suppose one-half an hour; then he said, "How did you succeed in shaving the dead man, Mr. Frejolity?" I did not want to tell him the true circumstances of the case, for, I

well knew that I would never hear the last of it, so I said, "Oh fine, fine, Mr. Chink-eye, I think about the nicest piece of architectural drawing of the whiskers that I ever did. But I'll tell you Chink-eye, a barber surely earns his five dollars, don't you think?"

"Well, yes, Frejolity, in some cases I think they do. And by the looks of your wardrobe you have surely earned a couple of fives. You must have run up against something, for you look ten years older than you did this morning. Did the corpse get the scare on you?"

"Nary a scare, Mr. Chink-eye, did you ever see me anything than a brave man?" Just then that big fat undertaker drove up in front of the shop. I went out to see what he wanted, and when I stepped up to his buggy he said, "Say, Frejolity, do you expect me to bring that corpse up here to your shop to have him shaved?"

"Yes, Mr. Undertaker, bring on your corpse, but you will find him the liveliest dead man you ever handled. Where in heaven's name did you get to so quick after I passed you?"

"By thunder, Frejolity, I plunged head first into an old well. You see the grass was quite long and I caught my foot in a clump of that stuff that the farmers call hay, and you know the rest."

“Ha, ha, and how did you get out of that well?”

“Oh, it was shallow, it had been filled up with old rubbish to within a few feet of the top of the ground.”

“I suppose you laid there like a possum and waited for my assistance to help you out.”

“Oh, no, Mr. Frejolity, I was able to crawl-fish it out after I had caught my second wind, and I now come to you the second and last time to go with me and shave that corpse.”

“I’ll go, Mr. Undertaker, on these conditions: that he must sit up in a rocking chair and you hold his hands so that he may not do me any violence while I am operating. Look here at my throat, its all scratched up where he had me.”

“Now, Frejolity, what’s the matter with you? That man is dead. What did you do to loosen his grasp of your throat?”

“Well, Mr. Undertaker, I think I did a great plenty. You see, he was laying on top of me and you had stepped out; and to do the business up quickly I gave him a couple of my pugilistic cuts on his smeller. Say, you should have seen the lather fly. He gave a groan, rolled from his perch and I made a rush for the door. Did you go back to the house after you had crabbed it out of that old well hole?”

"Oh, my no, after I reached the team out at the roadside I thought I had better come to the city and see what you were doing."

"Well, Mr. Undertaker, or Savers, don't never worry about Azariah Frejolity; I left my southern California home about ten years ago, have mingled with all sizes and classes of humanity ever since, and as yet, I have the first time to get caught on a fair chase. Its no fair show where they nab a man as they pass out of the door; that's the way that big Irishman caught me in Cincinnati when I had my trouble with that corn-husker barber." I left Mr. Savers and had backed out on returning to the country to shave that dead man, and found out later on how he came out with that live corpse. Anyhow, I'll bet that corpse had at least one black eye, for whenever I hit a man I usually use all the surplus strength that I have left of my scare. The undertaker quit shaving with me after that for four or five months, then returned with a big fat smile on his big fat face. I showed him my friendship by my cordial greeting, and when in the act of shaving him I remarked, "Say, Mr. Undertaker, I suppose the little calamity we had out on the farm that time still lingers sweetly in your memory, does it not?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Frejolity, now and forever."

"Then you still remember the sensational newspaper headlines on the following morning concerning the dead man?"

"Just slightly, Mr. Frejolity, just slightly. You see I was a victim of nervous prostration after that, and lay in a sort of a swoon for two or three days. I remember that my wife sat by my bedside with a newspaper in one hand reading to me of the affair, and a large palm-leaf fan in the other chasing off the flies. You know it was in fly time, and they were ram-pat after my carcass."

"Yes, Mr. Savers, I remember distinctly, it was fly time with me in crossing that meadow, and it seemed that everything in and around Boston was fly time from the smallest insect up to the big fat woman in the side show. I also read in the paper that the old man out there on the farm was very much alive. Did you return to finish up that job?"

"I did, Mr. Frejolity, and found him sitting up in an old-fashioned rocking chair eating milk toast."

"Did you notice marks of any kind on his face?"

"Well, yes, Frejolity, his left eye was very badly swollen and considerably blackened up."

"What did he have to say, Mr. Savers?"

"Oh, I don't know. I didn't wait to see.

You see, he came after me on sight, and had it not been for his dear old wife detaining him, I suppose this soul of mine would now be in the hands of God who gave it." Many times we talked and laughed over that dead farmer, and Mr. Savers remained my customer and friend up to the time I left Boston. But I never received one cent of pay for my time, trouble and expense in going to shave that dead farmer. Chink-eye of course knew all about it and was wild with joy. One day I said to him, "Now, Chink-eye, I have owned this shop just eight months. I paid six hundred dollars for it and its a good investment. If you will close that hole in your face concerning the dead farmer, I'll let you have this shop now instead of your waiting until my year has drawn to a close, and at less than seven hundred dollars."

"How much less?" said Chink-eye.

"Oh, fifty, anyhow."

"I'll do it, Frejolity, I'll do it. Your money will be ready for you immediately after dinner, but you must promise to stay with me the remaining four months at one dollar more on the week than you are paying me; will you promise?"

"I will, Chink-eye, and though your sins be as scarlet they may be washed whiter than snow."

"Geewhiz, Frejolity, but you are getting religious. Where did you learn that?"

"Oh, back in Washington, D. C. I was a good little boy back there, you know."

"Ah there, say Chink-eye, look, quick, see that pair of old Grays going yonder; if they return this way let's have some fun?"

"Alright," said Chink-eye, "but don't go after them too hard, for we want no trouble out of this Gray horse business. You know we have had in the past a great deal of fun out of the old cribbers, and its about time to give them a rest. I wonder what can be the matter with my stomach. A continual grinding and aching sensation."

"It may be, Chink-eye, that you are going to hand in your checks. You had better see a doctor, perhaps its lint in your stomach. If its that, its not a very serious affair."

"Lint in my stomach," said Chink-eye. "That's the first time I ever heard of that disease."

"Well, Chink-eye, I have seen a great many cases of it in my time, but I never considered it dangerous."

"Say, Frejolity, what causes the lint to accumulate, anyhow?"

"Oh, I don't know, but suppose its from chewing the rag."

"Say, Mr. Frejolity, you are getting won-

derfully sharp, you must have swallowed one of your tally-hoes last night, anyhow, its on me, let's go have something." If the old Grays returned our way we did not see them as we were at that time having a tea social. When we had all the tea that we cared for, Chink-eye returned to the shop while I interested myself strolling leisurely around the city. As I came up in front of a large plumbing establishment I saw hitched to a spring wagon and tied to a post an old Gray horse. I stepped up to him and said, "Hello there, Charley horse, what are you doing to that post? Are you troubled with asthma and trying to get your breath?"

"Not an asthma," said he. I then pulled a pint flask out of my pocket and said, "Here Charley, have a drink of John Barley Corn, and not so much cribbing." I uncorked it, held it to his lips, and the old turn drank the whole squeeze. I then said, "Say, Charley horse, you still like a little nip out of the bottle don't you?"

"I should say I do, its the staff of life," said he.

"I say, Charley horse, how long has it been since you made the turn?"

"Oh, let's see, I think in 1891."

"I suppose you were shaving at that time, were you not?"

"Yes, I was then in St. Louis."

"By the way, Charley, since you mentioned St. Louis, did you ever know a barber there by the name of Shorty?"

"I should say I did. His home was at Omaha, Nebraska, and was killed by a falling circus tent-pole."

"Do you remember the barber's name that was with him at that circus?"

"Let me see," said Charley, "I think his name was Frejoly, and from San Francisco."

"Correct you are, Charley horse, and you are now talking with that same Azariah Frejoly!" Say, you should have heard that horse laugh. It pleased me to see him so happy, but oh, that miserable change. "Now, Charley, did the change come on you rather suddenly?"

"Oh, my, I should say so. I went to bed at 9:30 feeling as well as usual, and when I awoke in the morning I found the bed had broken down sometime during the night (by my improved weight I suppose), and there I lay all mixed up with bed slats and clothing. My nose itched, I tried to relieve it, and I then discovered that I had made the turn from a barber to an old Gray horse. And the scratchers that I used to use to relieve all itchings had turned into horse hoofs and my arms and legs into horse legs. I felt like doing something

desperate and commenced to kick myself loose from my entanglement. I had just raised to my feet when the landlady came rushing in to see what all that noise meant. When she saw a horse standing there, the door went shut like a rat-trap, and with a squall that raised the whole push. The first man on the scene was the husband of that squaller, and of course she returned with him. The first thing he did was to yell for his wife to open the door that led out into the kitchen; then he said to me, 'now you old Peter Funk Reprobate, out of this room at once or I'll shoot you down like a dog. Where did you come from and where are you going?' I felt mad at his abuse and made a fierce kick at the rear end of the bed, knocking out a thin piece of board, and that same piece of board striking the old gal in the stomach, doubling her up like a jack-knife. Then the old man hustled for his little gun and I hustled out through the kitchen demoralizing everything as I went. As a last morsel I grabbed between my teeth a large piece of beefsteak that lay on a platter ready to serve up to the boarders and out through the lot I went. I ran over the yard-man and just reached the alley when two loads of shot struck me in the rear. I held to my beefsteak and went for the prairie, an old Gray horse. In a few days I was eating grass with a herd

of wild ponies, and in few more days some lassoers came along and caught the whole push. We were taken to St. Louis and shipped from there to Pittsburgh. There a part of the push were sold and the balance shipped on to this city. And here I am." Just then out came the owner of Charley horse and drove him away, I suppose for his evening corn and hay; while I went to my boarding-house for the evening's porter-house. The last few weeks in that shop seemed an awful drag to me, I wanted to go some place but did not know where. Presently there was a real country lad came into the shop for a hair cut. "All right my boy," I said, "just take this chair." He did so, and in our conversation I found that he lived about four miles from the outskirts of the city. That it was the last day of school in their district and that it was to wind up with a glorious old-fashioned school exhibition in the evening. The lad told me the proper road to take out of the city, and also, that he, Joseph Stubbs, was to be the leading orator on that occasion. After the lad had left the shop, I told Chink-eye what a great graft I had in store for that evening, and that he go with me, as we might both have the same amount of fun for about the same amount of money. That we would be sure to catch on to a couple of sweet little

country gals. I did not ask Chink-eye the second time, for it seemed as though he had lost part of his marbles. And in his excitement he cut a small slice out of the man's chin he was shaving. I thought it would surely end in a fight, but that yellow streak said no. So at 6 P. M. we took a car out to its limit, then hired a horse and buggy from a teamster paying him \$3.00 for its use, and a deposit with him of \$100.00 for its safe return. All ready boys, and away we went. The exercises were to begin promptly at 8 o'clock and we reached the spot at 7:30; so it gave us about one-half an hour to get a seat. The crowd was packed in that little schoolhouse like a cream cheese in its case. But we pushed down through the center aisle, came to where there was a couple of awfully pretty and nicely dressed ladies sitting with a sort of a clodhopper of a boy on either side of them. We, of course, wanted to sit down, and right by those ladies was our choice. Now, how to rid the seat of those boys we did not know. A happy thought struck me that all boys like money, and I whispered to Chink-eye that we offer the lads one dollar each for their seats. "All right, Frejolity," said Chink-eye. "I'll give two dollars rather than miss it." I proposed the exchange to them, held out our dollars and they grabbed them like a

cat would a rat. I thought to myself, "we are the people." There was a real whispering match took place with the gappers and goppers from all parts of the house, but what did we care, we had come to stay. Time was called for the exercises to begin. A little bell rang, back went the curtain on a wire, and there stood before us about thirty people. They opened up the entertainment with the song "America," which was well delivered. You know that song never gets stale if butchered into mince-meat. The teacher then came out and said, "Master Joseph Stubbs will now give you Fitz Halleck Green's 'Ode to Marco Bozzaris.'" When Joseph stepped out on the stage, I saw he was the same lad that had his hair cut and told me of the entertainment. The girls said he was the leading orator of the school because he had licked every boy in his class. I will now give you a little description of Joseph and his struggle with the "Ode to Marco Bozzaris." Joe Stubbs, long, lean, and of the tender age of about fifteen years, shot out on the stage and looked solemn and cross-eyed. His arms hung down like a couple of ropes on either side of a hitching-post, and his cow-hides covered about one-third of the stage. The parents and guardians that had assembled to witness the exhibition applauded vociferously. Presently, Joe Stubbs

slung one arm straight out and as stiff as a pump-handle; dropped his lower jaw into his half-yard of limp shirt collar and began his little pumping, lifting his arm up and down at every time he spoke. I will never forget the verse and its wind-up; it went like this:

“At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay, dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should humble at his power.

In his dreams he bore—he bore—he bore—”

There he stuck, rolled his eyes heavenward, shifted his weight from one foot to the other and trembling like the lower lip of a sick colt. In the meantime the school teacher had lost the place and mislaid his spectacles,

“He bore—he bore——”

said Joseph. I just could not stand it any longer, so I rose to my feet and yelled out, “Never mind the bore, Joseph, call it a hog and go on.” The hurrah reminded me once more of the Chicago Board of Trade, and that boxing contest at Baltimore, Md. Chink-eye was all doubled up with laughter, and the little lady by my side seemingly had her whole hand in her mouth. Chink-eye’s girl had swallowed her handkerchief all but a little tip that

showed up without. I thought she was dying, her eyes were rolled back and she looked almost ready to collapse. I said, "Say Chink-eye, help the lady." At that he jerked the kerchief from its hiding by its tip end. The ladies seemed a little mad at me for interfering with Sir Joseph Stubbs, but I fed them up on cream chocolates and they were soon all right. The entertainment lasted until 10:30 P. M. The girls happened to be sisters and came there with their brother. But we four, as they were going our way, stepped on board of our vehicle. It seemed a little crowded but we did not care for that, as such occasions did not present themselves to barbers very often. When we left the schoolhouse there was a brisk wind blowing; it was very cloudy, and just two miles our way to where the ladies lived. By the way, their names were Glenn and Fairy Holcumb. We were yet one-half mile from their home when the rain began to fall. The wind grew fierce, and it was a good thing for me that there was not much thunder and lightning mixed in with that wind, for it saved me an awful sight of embarrassment and a great big scare. Presently, off went our buggy top, but that did not check our speed and onward we went all huddled together like a nest of young robins. I was driving and never once thought of weakening. Chink-eye felt a little shaky. The

girls were grit from start to finish; guess they had been out in that kind of a parade before. I did not ask them but thought if they had they had beat my time. Well, we at last reached the good Samaritan Inn, and in four objects of pity went. The old people, of course, were as parents usually are, anxious as to their daughters' safety and remained up for their return. Don't think for one minute that Chink-eye and I entered Mr. and Mrs. Holcumb's threshold without an invitation. Oh, no, nothing would do but that we go in, until the storm had subsided. That was something Chink-eye and Frejolity were never guilty of, waiting for the second invitation. We were very cordially greeted by the father and mother. The girls excused themselves to change their wardrobes, and we did likewise. Say, it was laughable, Chink-eye put on a suit that belonged to the girls' brother. The pants fitted him like the skin on a sausage, too short at both ends and too narrow in the middle.

I was favored with a suit of Mr. Holcumb's, and his trousers looked, when on me, like a bursted balloon. When all was ready, we again entered Mr. and Mrs. Holcumb's beautiful parlor, and in distress both times; and left Mr. and Mrs. Holcumb's home in distress; of which I will explain later on. I thought of

a distress sign, but that did us no good, as there were no brothers present. Our embarrassment was at fever heat, and to break that embarrassment in the presence of those ladies Chink-eye said, "It still rains, it must be one of our April showers."

"Yes," said I, "And I think its wending its way out into the month of May by the way its holding on."

"A sort of a stayer," said Chink-eye. "Something like our protected trusts, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "Or on the order of a bull pup to a bone." We were having oceans of side-splitting fun over our wardrobes and the Joseph Stubb's poetry on Marco Bozarris when Mrs. Holcumb entered the room and invited us out to lunch, something very unexpected to us, but we were never known to refuse the necessities of life; don't know about the ladies, but Chink-eye and myself were as hungry as a couple of cub bears. But out of respect for the ladies we would have devoured everything in sight on that table. Its a good thing I had on the old man's pants for they were cut full in the waist giving me a sufficient amount of room for hot and cold storage. Chink-eye's pants were just the reverse, and when through eating he looked like a Lake Erie frog. At 2 A. M. our wardrobes

were sufficiently dried for another change, and as we were marching back to the room to make that change, I thought to myself, if I could only wear the old man's pants back to the city how gladly I would do so; but hated like sin to make a proposition of that kind to him. Chink-eye made his change all right, as his pants were larger than the boy's while mine were smaller than the old man's. The result was, that the shrinkage of mine from that drenching rain and the hot and cold storage, made it impossible for me to wear them. Couldn't have pulled them together at the waist with a block and tackle. I sent word with Chink-eye for Mr. Holcumb to come to my room. He did so, and I explained to him about the shrinkage of my trousers and the extraordinary expansion caused from that extraordinary fill-in. He laughed quite heartily and said, "My boy, if you choose to do so you can wear those pants of mine to the city, and return them to me at your convenience."

"I'll just do that Mr. Holcumb," and thanked him very kindly for the favor. I then returned to the room where Chink-eye and the two girls were. It stopped raining at 3 A. M. The clouds had become considerably broken and the moon was popping out some of its light over that bean soil. We thanked Mr. and Mrs. Holcumb, also the young ladies for

their kindness toward us, and with the promise, that if possible, I would return and pay them a last visit before I left for Truxillo, Honduras. I had lots of respect for Mr. and Mrs. Holcumb, but if I made another visit to their home it would be principally to see the young ladies. For either of them would be welcome to my scalp. Well, we started, and on reaching the road, I said, "Say, Chink-eye, how about the buggy top. You know we have one hundred dollars at stake for the return of this horse and buggy, and it being topless that teamster might keep out our whole twist of green. As it is now, we will have to pay some damages for the broken top."

"That's so," said Chink-eye, "and we can well afford to pay damages, for you know we have had a time that not many of the scrapers have had the pleasure of experiencing."

"Alright, Chink-eye, we will then return and get the top." We had no straps or strings with us with which to fasten that awkward piece of necessity on with, so just loaded it astride of the dash. And Chink-eye had plenty to do holding that same piece of necessity on board of our automobile until we reached the suburbs of the Hub City. When daylight came and we could gaze on our wardrobe and the

mud that we had carried with us from the loading of that buggy top, made us feel like a three-cent piece. And when nearing the teamster's home Chink-eye remarked, that the bean soil of Massachusetts would surely make good fly paste with just a little boiling down, and that it might be a great hit for us if we would boil down a few hundred tons of it and sell to some fly-paper manufacturer.

"Say, Chink-eye, you have a thoughtful head stuck on that neck of yours, and I will do the canning if you will furnish the cans and soil." At that saying we drove up in front of the gentleman's residence from whom we had hired our outfit. It was daylight, and there we sat looking between the ribs of that buggy top. "Boston quay," said I.

"That's what they'll say," said Chink-eye.

"You call for the landlord," said I.

"I guess not," said Chink-eye, "I am too busy holding on to this necessity."

"Well, you are not holding it with your mouth are you?"

"No," said he, "But there seems to be something sticking in my throat like a codfish ball, and causes a sort of impediment in my speech."

"Oh pshaw, Chink-eye, you are the biggest piece of a coward that I ever knew."

"And you are another," said he.

"Well, I suppose I must call to him, so here goes, 'Hello!' say, Chink-eye, what's his name?"

"I don't know, Mr. Frejolity, just call him Loucimicus Horse Fiddle Jackwax, or any old thing."

"Say, Mr. Chink-eye, you are getting nuttie."

"And you're another nuttie," said he.

"Say, Chink-eye, your mother was a shady lady."

"And your mother as two shady ladies," said he.

"Now Chink-eye, don't you call me shady or down goes your meat-house."

"Well then, Mr. Frejolity, down will go two meat-houses."

Tiring of chewing the rag, I said, "Chink-eye, you have entirely too much meat on that knot of yours."

"You're another," said he.

"All right," said I.

"Let her go," said he.

"All right, again," said I. "Hey there, Mr. Loucimicus Horse Fiddle Jackwax, are you ready?" He heard my beautiful voice and out he came licking his chops I suppose from eating good fat sausage and buckwheat cakes. He greeted us with a smile, and I said to him, "How do we seem to look?"

"Oh I don't know," said he. "But what's the matter with the animal? His hair seems to be standing up hill."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr.—let's see. I have forgotten your name."

"Crouse," said he.

"Oh yes, why am I so forgetful. Well, Mr. Crouse, it was rather up hill business with us, the horse and the automobile. I suppose the animal stood on his head some of the time and the water circulated in the wrong direction. Anyhow, how much do we owe you?"

He looked the wreck over and said, "Well boys, I expect by your looks, you have been in tough luck. Give me \$5.00 and I'll call it square."

"All right, Mr. Crouse, here's your money; and if we ever come this way again and would rather ride than walk, you will favor us, won't you?"

"Yes, my boys, any time; I have been there myself, and know how it goes. And here is the one hundred dollars that you gave me as a guarantee for the return of my property." We took it, and bidding him good morning, went our way rejoicing, and it was but a few minutes until we caught a car to the city. I felt awfully embarrassed over the looks of our clothing, as we resembled snipe hunters.

Neither of us spoke for some little time, then Chink-eye said, "Say, Frejolity, suppose when you step off of this car you would meet that little anthem of yours, what would you do?"

"Well, I don't just know, but think I would stand pat. What would I need to care for a little mud. I haven't been as sweet on her as you think I have. You see, her old man thinks a barber is next to a baboon, and I expect I will yet have trouble with that old slobber mouth."

"Slobber mouth," said Chink-eye, "Why do you call him that?"

"Why, don't you remember that old feeler? When I say feeler, I mean that long red tongue that he used to run out around the edges of his cavity to hunt up the hair stubs. You know he used to come into our shop to get shaved, and while operating on him there a slobber would occasionally trace its way down the corners, don't you remember?"

"Well, I should think I do. Is it possible," said Chink-eye, "that that old dough-belly is your little anthem's father?"

"That's what, and he knows that I am a barber, and that I once tried to catch him on the end of that same feeler with the point of my tally-ho. You know he has not been coming to our shop for about three months."

"That's right, Frejolity, and I expect it would

be a good idea if you would make yourself scarce around his fireside when he is present, as he might do you bodily harm should he get hysterica."

"I think myself that he would be a dangerous old boliver to tackle. Hello, here we are, Chink-eye, let's get off this car, for we have been guyed by these passengers long enough. You can go your way, I'll go mine; we will meet at the shop I suppose, promiscuously."

So we did; I was about one-half hour later than Chink-eye. Nine more days remained for me in the city of Boston, I would then sail for Truxillo, Honduras, Central America. And on the coming Sunday I must answer letters almost forgotten. I always was slow with my friends in that respect, but it seemed that I could not find the time. So it is, and so it always was. As I said before, I had but nine more days in the city. This was on Friday, and one week from the coming Monday I would be off. On Saturday night I told Chink-eye that if it would be all right with him I would loaf out the balance of my time in the city, and visit with my little anthem. And that sometime when he was going to the country he could return old farmer Holcumb's pants with my kindest regards to the old people and love to the daughters, and that

at sometime in the future I would address my little one a letter.

"All right, Frejolity, I'll do that for you with pleasure; and am the surest lad in Boston to go out and see them; and if successful in business, some day Fairy will be mine, and if you come back for Glenn, then we will be brothers; don't you see?"

"Bully for the boy, shake," said I. "Say, Chink-eye, it does kinder run up my hind leg that I will sometime return or send for that same little lady that I fed up on cream chocolates out at that country schoolhouse exhibition that night. Don't care if she was raised on bean soil, she is a sweet little girl, anyway."

"Right you are, Frejolity, and you never can do better if you search the earth." At that we parted, and the few remaining days that I had for recreation in the Hub City I spent with much pleasure with my little anthem, and all of this pleasure was accomplished on the Q. T. from her old man. I felt that I loved this lady also. But the accommodations were very chilly for me on the outside, as I never did appreciate the gnawing off of pickets and posts by the light of the moon. That alone would discourage love and matrimony. My success through the states financially was very flattering to me, as I had saved of my earnings and winnings in the past

ten years, just eighteen hundred dollars; an average of one hundred and eighty dollars per year. But it came like the sands of time. I had me a hollow leather belt made to order large enough to hold fourteen hundred dollars, and I strapped that same belt around me underneath my clothing. In that way I felt much safer than if I had carried it in my pocket. The other four hundred dollars I would use as expense money between Boston and Honduras. All was ready but throwing my wardrobe into my little valise. This was on Sunday afternoon, and for the evening I had made arrangements to call on my little anthem at her home regardless of the consent of her Papa, and if it came to a knock down I would stand it. I arrived at her home at 7:30 P. M. sun time; rang the door bell and was welcomed in with the sweetest smile and bow that I ever saw her accomplish. It made me feel very happy, for I thought by such a greeting from her and at her home, all within was serene. We two souls were the only inhabitants in that room, for, I suppose a couple of hours. We built an air castle and had it standing on end, and with a few plans mapped out for the future. Just then in came the old man. My little anthem (now, why I called her my little anthem was, she was surely the loveliest singer I ever heard) intro-

duced me to her father in this way: "Mr. Frejolity, shake hands with my father, Mr. Morando." I took him by the paw and I thought in my soul the old rascal was trying to crush every bone in my carcass; but I was equal to the occasion and squeezed with him. He loosened with a growl, and I loosened with thanks. He then took his seat near a small center table and rather close to the grate, while I returned to a rocker near my anthem. All was quiet for a few minutes then the old man said, "Well, Mr. Frejolity, I overheard a little conversation between you and my daughter, so thought I would just step in and put on the finishing touch."

"All right, Mr. Morando," said I, "But please give it to us a little mild, won't you?"

"I don't know as I will, or I don't know as I won't," said he, "But that little air castle that you and my daughter built must fall to the ground, and you can consider it all off."

"Now, Mr. Morando," said I, "You must explain to this court, as we do not quite understand what you mean by that little air castle and that all off business."

"Well, my young greenhorn, I can explain to you in a very few words. I understand that you and that little anthem, as you call her, have built an air castle and laid some

plans for the future. Now, sir, that same air castle that you built, and those same plans that you greenhorns have made, are no more. Now, do you understand?"

"I do, Mr. Morando, and am sure that we both feel very much hurt over the judge's decision." It killed me to think that the old rascal had been eavesdropping. It was now my turn to say something, so I went after him in this way—"Oh, pshaw, say, old slobber mouth, I guess you are troubled with wheels, don't you think?" It riled his temper and he roared like a sea lion, frightening my little anthem over in one corner of the room and whining like a sick kitten. I raised to my feet, pushed over to where she was standing and just about ready to whine myself (but not so badly scared but that I must and would keep both eyes on the old slobber mouth's hysterical motions, and that if he made a move for me I would crack it to him the best I knew how, even if I was under his own roof). Well, after he had gone through with a regular gymnasium performance, he then said, "Mr.—let's see, I guess I have forgotten your name, please to tell me again; and your occupation."

"My name sir," said I, "is Azariah Frejolity, and my occupation is that of an artist."

"Oh, Frejolity, and an artist." Then said

he, "Your father must have gotten that name from some Feji Island."

"No," said I, "That name only dates back to Slobberville. You know there is where that big Booze Foundry used to be." I'll tell you that was a choker for the old man to swallow, for he always went by the name of Slobbermouth at the shop, and was a booze fighter. So you see I gave it to him in hot sections. I see him swelling up and getting quite red in his face, and I thought it was time for me to prepare for the worst. A bluffing thought came to my mind. I had in my hip pocket a piece of half-inch lead pipe that I used in running down my canvas strop, and if he came after me I would draw that on him. But he recovered from his hysterical condition and spoke in a somewhat milder tone. He said: "Now, Mr. Frejolity, may I ask where you hail from?"

"Well, sir, I was born in Southern California, down by the sad ocean waves."

"Oh, I see, I see; yes, yes, and you remind me very much of those large ocean lobsters that drift ashore out in that niche of the woods."

"Oh, I don't know; well, I'll just remind you of another article that drifts ashore out in that country. I call them slobber mouthed shad." At that saying another roar went up,

and the first article that I saw coming at me was a pair of coal tongs. I dodged them of course and they struck a fine mantel clock that sat on a shelf against the wall. The crash sounded fierce, and I soon had my little piece of lead pipe pointed at him and at the same time was trying to see if my little anthem was standing pat. But no, she had passed out. The old fellow's eyesight was better than I anticipated, for he at once discovered the bluff I was pointing at him and made a rush for me. I threw that piece of pipe and it struck him endwise just below the right eye. He ripped and he snorted, and that brought to his rescue the old woman and a meddlesome little terrier dog. Say, I gave that pup one of the hardest kicks of my life, then picked him up by the hind legs and threw him at the old man, grabbed my hat and left the house. It was no ragtime or funeral march either. I called it a quick-step. I thought, "Gee-whiz, I'll bet I killed that pup and perhaps soured my little anthem." But then, time would tell, and I showed that old slobber mouth what a barber could do when cornered.

CHAPTER XI

After throwing the pup at the old man, and leaving my little anthem's home under such circumstances, I of course kept up that quick-step until I reached my boarding-house. It was then eleven P. M. and the coming morning would be a very busy one for me. As I said before, I had a hollow belt made to order and so arranged that I could buckle it securely around me and under my clothing in which I intended to carry fourteen hundred dollars. The balance of the eighteen hundred, which would be four hundred I would keep out for my expenses to the shores of Honduras.

The time set for our ship to sail was on the coming day, October 14th, 1896. My wardrobe was quickly packed as I did not keep much of a supply on hand. All was ready and I still had a few hours in the city, so thought as I had not seen nor heard from my little anthem since I shot the old man with that lead pipe, that I would leisurely wend my way in that direction and perhaps meet her. Just as I arrived opposite her home who did I see but that old slobber mouth

walking around the corner of his residence with his right eye bandaged up with a white cloth. I kept my course for about two squares, then turned back, meeting my girl just one square from her home. We talked fast and to the point. She was rather pouty and told me that her father forbade her ever recognizing me again, and that I had closed one of his eyes and killed the pup. I gave her a nice little talk, and that smoothed the trouble all up; that is, as far as the girl and I were concerned; and with my promise that I *might* some time return to her, I tipped my hat and we parted. I had purchased my passage a few days in advance to Truxillo, Honduras. So, all I had to do was to take my little valise and board a car for the ship's landing. I did so, and was soon gliding over the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, which seemed so different from shaving cranks and moon faces. On the third day out it was getting still different. I began to feel as though I would like to be standing on that bean soil back in Massachusetts. I could not swim very good, so thought it best to remain on board the ship and meet the enemy. There were about three hundred passengers aboard, all bound for some place. I did not ask many questions at first, was too busy with my legs. And had I known the results

of ocean waves, I would have taken a few extra linings for my stomach. Its something awful, I belched forth something that resembled shucked peanuts, but concluded that they were the last remains of the Boston baked beans. We had just passed the Bermuda Islands, and were not quite half way to Puerto Rico; San Juan being our first place of stopping. When I first sighted the Bermuda Islands I thought to myself, if Chink-eye was here and we had a couple of Winchesters we would take those Islands and annex them to the United States; for Americans tell me that they are easy. After which we would have taken a big drink of Moth-ingham. I took a swig of it anyway, thinking it might quiet down my stomach but it seemed to act just the reverse. I had one consolation, that if all went well we would in a few days land at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and lay there for three days. The Americans there were quite scarce, especially young men, but the natives, half clad can be seen in all parts of the city holding out their hands for a coin. I would like to make my home there, I guess not. But if you want to see pretty Spanish ladies go to San Juan. I hired a guide, visited a few of the principal sights in that city, a portion of the mountainous country, and coffee plantations, examined

quite closely the tropical fruits, palms and flowers, the latter of which they take great delight in raising; and in great varieties. The time had arrived for our little canoe to leave the shores of Puerto Rico, and it was like a funeral march to me on going down to that vessel. Anyhow, I climbed on board and we sailed off through the waters of the Carribean Sea, bound for the city of Santo Domingo. We lay at this place but one day. I did not leave the city. Here, alas, I found a plenty of almost naked natives holding out their hands for money. And had I undertaken to give each of them a coin I would have been stranded and a long ways from the stars and stripes, without a string tied to me. I was holding to my best friend, for I well knew that if I did not strike something in Honduras, that I would need him (I mean my money), to take me through to California. I once more boarded ship and landed at Kingston, Jamaica, a tropical city that I rather fancied. We lay here three days. The first day my guide and I peeped out about five miles into the interior. On returning to the ship I felt quite tired, and made haste for my little bed; or bunk. The next morning after I had eaten my breakfast, I started for the principal part of the city. Did not return for dinner, and kept moving. Presently I discovered a couple of young ladies

that were seemingly out walking for pleasure. I admired them very much, as their wardrobes were fashioned very much after those of American ladies, and their looks and actions reminded me very much of the girls at New Orleans. I was, of course, very anxious to meet them. They were onto me all right, and gave me a chance by stopping at what I called a hole in the wall. In that same hole I went, and found them seated at a small quaint looking table, seemingly waiting on an order. I saluted them the best I knew how, and received from them for my bow and tip of my hat their recognition. I then asked the pleasure to sit at the same table and have refreshments with them. It was granted me very politely. And while a jolly conversation was going on on the inside, old Sol on the outside was casting his rays down in hot numbers. The names of these young ladies were Clara and Mae Seymouth. They were sisters and had lived in Kingston about four years. I, of course, told them my name, where I was from, where I was going, and that I would leave on the following day for Truxillo, Honduras. Coming from the States made them feel as though they had always known me, and I fared sumptuously. Nothing would do but that I go along home with them, and their invitation I accepted with thanks. Guess

they imagined the prodigal son had returned. Of course, they all used that Southern brogue and I was a Johnnie. Finally the old lady scampered off for the kitchen to prepare supper, while the old gentleman, the two girls and myself remained in the room sampling some of their fine wines. They seemed to live in luxury, for everything had the appearance of wealth. In a sort of a roundabout way I found that the old gentleman was quite an extensive exporter of India Rubber and Jamaica Rum. It seemed but a short time to me until supper was called, and I'll bet they thought I was troubled with a tapeworm; for I filled up all the available space that I had, and the expansion of my trousers resembled that of the United States. Well, after we were through eating, we again entered the sitting-room, or parlor rather, for an evening's entertainment. The old gent and myself had indulged quite freely in the wine before supper, and as a natural result we were jagged up for a time. A fine piano stood in the farther corner of the room, and all the center furniture was arranged likewise; giving us room for anything that might suit the occasion.

The first on the program was a song by Mae, entitled, "Down in Dixie." You see, they still had fond recollections of the sunny South, and so did I. I appreciated the com-

pany of the ladies of New Orleans very much. The only kick I had coming was the wages I received, and a few stiffs that came to our shop to be barbered. Clara came next with the song entitled, "The Blue and the Gray." That was rather sentimental for the old man and I, as we had on our skates and wanted something fast and furious. When Clara had finished she raised from her seat and called on Mr. Frejolity for a song. I had, while in Cincinnati and Chicago, taken lessons on the piano, and had learned a few songs that I could play and sing quite nicely. And the jag that I had with me had driven away all embarrassment so that I was well prepared for the occasion. I took my seat at the instrument, see-sawed around for perhaps five minutes, making sure that I would make no mistakes, for the girls understood piano music to perfection. My first solo was, "All Coons Look Alike to Me." And to say that it pleased them is putting it rather mild. The old gent, I thought, was in the last throes of a spasm, and nothing would do but another song; so I gave them "My Honey Boy." Then one more, just one more. I was trying my very best to make them feel that my presence with them was a good thing. And I knew by their kindness and generosity towards me that I was the only pebble in Kings-

ton. I then started in with my third and last song entitled, "Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field." They all knew the song and joined me. The old gent taking the tenor, Clara the soprano, and Mae the alto; while I carried the bass. We repeated that song the second time and became so happy over the blending of our voices that the old man and I wound up that part of the entertainment with an old fashioned cake-walk. The clock had struck the hour, one o'clock, and the old gent and lady feeling somewhat tired and sleepy retired for the night, leaving me and the two girls to our lone selves. It was but a short time until I had Clara seated on my right knee and Mae on the left; then Mae on the right and Clara on the left. You see, I had to adjust their weight to suit the strength of my limbs. Clara's weight was one hundred and thirty pounds, while Mae's was one hundred and ten. So the adjustment in this case was a good thing. I, of course, did not dare to use partiality with either of them, for they thought I was just right, and that I was the first young man from the States that they had the pleasure of meeting since they came to Kingston. Well, we three honied around until daylight, and we three realized that the night had been passed with much pleasure. The girls were quite good looking and as I said before,

very much up-to-date wit the average dressers of American ladies. I had on my best wardrobe; my shoes were of a brown tan, pants fairly tight and light in color. Coat and vest of black cheviot, flashy colored shirt with pleated bosom, high standing collar with a four-in-hand tie. My hat was of a soft, light brown, broke through the center, and a ring on either hand. One of them with a one-eight by a one-eight window-glass setting, and the other one a plain band. You know barbers usually like to wear jewelry, especially rings. And to show the girls my appreciation of their kindness, I would as a token of remembrance present each of the ladies with a ring from off my finger, they to draw cuts made of tooth-picks which I had in my vest pocket. The longest cut to take the choice of rings. Clara drew the long cut and chose the window-glass, and of course the band ring fell to Mae. They both seemed happy over the result of the drawing, and would ever keep them in memory of Azariah Frejolity.

The old gentleman and lady had arisen from their night's slumber fresh as cucumbers, and while Mrs. Seymouth was preparing breakfast, Daddy and I was having a little more wine, and the girls were laughing at our silly conversation. I heard a call for breakfast, and

I said, "that's the stuff," for the expansion had entirely vanished from my trousers, and I was fully prepared for another fill-in. When through eating, Daddy and I sampled some of his choicest cigars, and by the time we had finished those cigars, the hostler drove up to the front with a reasonably good vehicle for the girls and myself to use, and to go wherever we pleased. Frejolity smiled but said nothing. The girls, of course, were in front of the mirror puckering and primping so long that I had become quite nervous; and told them we would just load that little mirror into our wagon and take it with us. Well, we finally got started, and the horse being quite speedy took us up, down and around the city at a merry pace, and having more fun than a nest of kittens. Just as we were making our last turn for home, (we were going down the line, I thought, at the rate of a New York Central Vestibule), our little wagon came round that turn, just like us boys used to do when we played crack the whip at school, and one of the rear wheels striking a water plug (guess that's what it was, I did not stop to examine it), and frightened the horse and caused a scatterment of humanity that would have made a snap shot laugh. The old lady saw the animal coming with their little three wheeled wagon and its cargo

invisible. She threw up her hands and squealed:

“Whoa, Sal!” that being the horse’s name. Then the old man appeared and he squealed:

“Whoa, Sal!”

But Sal did not stop until the wreck was complete. The girls fared sumptuously, just a few slight scratches and bumps on their faces. Clara was driving when we were cutting that half circle and it looked dangerous to me, so I grabbed the reins and was dragged, I suppose, five or six rods before I became unhitched. And dust, “say, I resembled the man at the tail end of a threshing-machine.” A small portion of the lobe of my right ear was gone, a large black-and-blue spot on my left cheek bone, and the skin on my nose was scraped down to the red. With all this, and one broken finger, the girls and I tottered off for home. And what aggravated me the most, was a lot of ignorant natives standing around having a good time over our misfortune. On reaching home we found the old folks very much excited. Dinner was almost ready for I smelled it cooking. We all went to work dusting, washing and doctoring. I, of course, had a double dose; the patching up of my face and the setting of my finger. I made the splints and padded them with a piece of soft cloth that they had on hand,

then Mrs. Seymouth held to my wrist while Daddy pulled the finger back into place. I adjusted the splints and Mae bandaged and tied it up. With this accomplished, all was then ready to partake of a bountifully spread table. I think I must have looked rather comical; court plaster on my ear, nose, cheek bone, and a big bundle of rags on my finger. With all these afflictions I did justice to the elegant dinner that was set before me; or us.

Our vessel was to leave for Truxillo, Honduras, at two-thirty, P. M. The time was already twenty minutes past one, and some little distance to the landing. So, bidding Mr. and Mrs. Seymouth good-bye, I left their home slightly disfigured but still in the ring. Clara and Mae accompanied me to the ships' landing, and the parting with those girls and their parents was of a different nature than that of old Pap Slobbermouth and my little anthem at Boston. I stayed off of the steamer up to the limit, then bidding the girls my first and last farewell climbed on board, and the waving of nose rags continued until we were out of sight.

CHAPTER XII

The first thing I did was to go to my state-room and make an investigation as to whether my little valise was still there. I did not care so much for the valise as I did for the forty-four calibre Smith and Weston revolver that I had left within it, and that I might find use for before I would reach the shores of California. Finding everything all O. K., I then took a stroll over the ship. I had, on my water journey, formed the acquaintance and friendship of a few that were bound for that same Honduras that I was. They had quite a good deal of fun with me over my skinned up face and broken finger. That was all right, for I considered that I was rewarded tenfold in the way of a good time while in Kingston with the Seymouth family. Our large ocean steamer had been gliding along serenely, but sometime during the night I awoke from my slumber to find that we had come in contact with what I called a black squall. At times it seemed as though our vessel was riding the waves endwise. I, of course, was trying to get into my trousers, and with the howling of wind, shrieking

of women and cursing of men, made me feel quite nervous; knowing that something desperate was taking place. With quite a few bumps and bruises I finally got myself dressed and out with the surging mass of humanity, expecting at any moment to go down to the bottom of the Carribean Sea. Men and women with just their night robes on, striking and grabbing at each other as if mad. I staggered back some little distance from the worst of the fray, when quite a large lady and very much excited, grabbed me around the neck and crying as if she had lost her best friend. My limbs were very weak and trembly and my stomach very much the same. Finally I said to her, "Lady, what seems to be the matter, have you lost a friend?" She answered with something, I could not understand her language, guess she was a Spanish lady. Just then the vessel made a terrific plunge and we both went to the floor with her arms still clinging around my neck. If the vessel had sprung aleak I did not know it. Anyway, when we went down I discovered that we were laying in about three inches of water. I made a struggle to free myself from her grasp, and in so doing hurt my broken finger like sin. I still had my presence of mind with me and knew that I was struggling with an excited woman, and in order to loosen her

grasp on me I would just catch her by the windpipe and shut off that part of the machinery. I did this and she loosened nicely. I then hustled back to my little bunk about as fast as my stilts would take me. I immediately sat flat down on the floor, braced my feet against something, and sicker than a buzzard I waited the result; not caring very much whether I survived or perished. The storm had then been raging for perhaps one hour, and it seemed as though the vessel was not going up and down hill quite so freely as it had been. Anyhow, there I sat with my pipes for a bracer, winking and blinking like a toad in a thunder storm. I finally dozed a little and awoke to find that daylight had appeared and that the storm had passed over. I then took one of those long breaths like people usually do after an exciting time and my next words were, "Hurrah for General Jackson." I then fussed and fiddled around until I got my little valise open, and the first article that I gazed upon was a bottle of wine that Daddy Seymouth had given me for use in case of sickness. I drank of it quite freely and the result was, that in one-half hour I was standing erect and ready for the next degree. I had often heard people remark that this world was full of trials and tribulations. I imagined the trials and tribulations in this

case was badly mixed up with wind. Our vessel had drifted with the storm and it looked as though we were bound for the Isthmus of Panama. And I surely would much rather have landed there, or in some South American swamp, than not to have landed at all. The interior of the upper deck of the vessel was fairly well straightened up when I passed out of my state-room, but the lower deck was a sight to behold. The water had all been pumped out of her, but the filth and displacements still remained. During the excitement there were two women and four men pushed overboard and went down to watery graves. There were also two women and one man dead aboard our ship from prostration. They were wrapped up nicely and slid down below. The cleaning of the vessel was then soon complete. On our arrival at Truxillo, Honduras, we were met at the landing by quite a large crowd of knot heads. Cheer after cheer went up from them as a greeting on our safe arrival. I, of course, did my cheering in the state-room shortly after the storm had passed over, and just before I drank the wine. Well, I and my little valise wandered around until we reached the principal part of the city, I amusing myself taking in some of the queer looking sights, and at the same time keeping my peepers open for a

good hotel or boarding-house. Just at that moment I discovered coming toward me a friend of my father's by the name of Barney Rollins. I had not forgotten his face, although I was but a lad of fifteen summers the last time I saw him. Anyway, I made up my mind to address him, and did so in this way: "Hello, there, Barney Rollins." His reply was, "Who in thunder are you?"

"W-y, my name is Frejolity."

"What?" said he. "Azariah Frejolity, a son of Jasper Frejolity?"

"*Yah voal,*" said I.

"Shake," said Barney.

"And what in thunder are you doing way down here?"

"Oh, just looking around."

"Well," said Barney, "Come with me, and if you have a few hundred dollars and will follow my instructions, you can in a couple or three years return to the states a rich man." I walked right along with him like a good little boy, for to become well equipped financially in this world was my heart's delight. We went to his home together, and I remained with him just one week. We talked everything over that there was any money in, and I found that with my fourteen hundred dollars I could make a pretty fair start in the business of exporting dye woods and tropical

fruits. With Barney's instructions in the way of buying and selling, I made the start. My profits on the first shipment made me plenty of money. I soon caught on and became rather shrewd at the business. The shrewder I became the larger the long green grew, and at the close of the second year I took a fit to return to California, and there to remain until my light went out.

My check at the bank was good for twenty thousand dollars, besides, I had real estate valued at ten thousand dollars. When everything was complete and I was ready to start, Barney said, "Say, Frejolity, I think you need a couple of good guides and protectors; and I recommend for your safety to the shores of the Pacific ocean, two brothers by the name of Felix and Jerome La Gua."

"All right Barney, I am ready and willing to pay them well for their services, and also to bear all expenses." The two brothers were sent for and I hired them at fifty dollars apiece, American money, with all bills paid. I left my real estate in care of Barney, with the understanding that I would never return to Honduras, and that he should dispose of my property and remit to me by check or draft. All this he promised me he would do. I then gave him a second shake of the hand and the two guides and I took the first train

out of Truxillo for Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, and to say that I liked the capital city, or the country we passed through, I cannot. As for the people, it seemed the closer we came to the equator, the more ignorant and naked the natives became, and with more meat on their heads to the square inch than a Chinese Boxer. Well, our next place of stopping, or town rather, was San Salvador; the capital of Salvador, and to reach that city we must go astride of donkeys. I found that it would not pay me to hire them when I could buy at twenty-five dollars apiece, so I made the purchase of three, all equipped and ready for use at a total cost of ninety dollars. I was still holding on to my little valise, and to lug it with me through to the Pacific Ocean seemed terrible. Anyhow, I tied it to the saddle and we were off. The guides were expert riders and I was the monkey. We had traveled, I thought, half way to the pole, and were in the mountains when night overtook us. The guides stopped their donkeys and I stopped mine.

"Now," said Felix, to me, "do you see that large projecting rock over yonder?"

"I do," said I.

"Well, we will dismount and put up for the night under her shadow."

Say, that was the happiest stop that I ever

experienced; for when I dismounted from that animal's back, I imagined the seat of my pants was a complete wreck. The guides laughed quite heartily at me, while I thought it rather serious." We tied the animals to some nearby shrubbery, then went to the shelter of that rock. On entering that shelter I thought of the old Methodist song that we woodchucks used to sing in our country schoolhouse in Southern California, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me Let Me Hide Myself in Thee." The shelter of a rock is all right if they don't break off, but when they loosen its all over. We had prepared for the occasion, as we knew that we would have to sleep some place in the mountains. It was all darkness with us, but I managed to get my little valise open and out of it quite a nice lunch and a quart bottle of good strong coffee which we had brought with us for our stomach's sake. When through eating the guides lit their pipes while I puffed away on a half-breed cigar. When through with that luxury we three lay down side by side for our night's rest.

It was something new for me to make my bed out of a solid rock, and Barney had often told me of the numerous wild animals, reptiles and poisonous insects that infest Central America, that I did not care to sleep very much. I would rather worry the night

through meditating and knowing what was going on on the outside. I would rather an Indian (who are quite plentiful through Central America) would have taken my scalp than some wild animal devour my carcass. My guides and protectors were sound asleep while I lay there with my Smith and Weston revolver in position to meet all comers and goers. At every little rustling or squeaking noise I could feel my hair straighten up and that same cord of wood racing up and down my spine that I used to feel in the States. It was but a short time seemingly, until I heard one of the donkeys holloing bloody murder. My yellow streak returned, my scalp quivered, but I made a rushed to the entrance of that cave and shot in the direction of the donkeys. The firing of my revolver brought the guides to their feet and demanded of me an explanation for my shooting. There was to be no shooting allowed only in case of immediate danger, as the sound of a gun at that hour of night in the mountains was liable to stir up a nest of fighting Indians. I explained to them what I had heard, and that one of the donkeys and perhaps all of them had been killed by some wild animal. They laughed and said I was nutty. Once more they lay down and were soon sound asleep. I then concluded that if I wanted protection it must come from myself.

So I sat down at the entrance of that cave on a projecting rock (that I by chance discovered in feeling around in the darkness) and had sat there but a short time until I felt some cold legged creeper on the back of my neck, and it seemed as though it had more legs than sense. I gave it a surprise with my right protector and it struck on the rocks below.

Morning finally dawned and the gray donkey that had carried me the day before lay stretched out as if dead. I called the guides and we all three went out to investigate. Sure enough, the little gray turn was so badly mangled that he had to be killed. But before that was done I spoke to him in this way:

"Well, Jerry, you have met the enemy and you will soon be no more." I then sang one verse of an old time song that I thought appropriate, entitled "Nicodemus." You know Nicodemus was a slave, so was the donkey. Then I told him that if I ever returned to New Orleans I would tell his friends that he died game in the mountains of Honduras. Of course he was one of the old turns. I did not remain to see Jerry killed, but Felix did the job. We still had a little lunch left, we ate that, then made a second start for the city of San Salvador. Felix and myself astride of the larger donkey, and Jerome the smaller one. We had been jogging along very

donkeyfied, and our path became so rough and rugged that Felix and I took it afoot over a mountain pass, while Jerome took the animals in a roundabout way, meeting us on the opposite side. You see, the boys knew just where they were at, and how to get through those mountains successfully. They had been there before. So had I, but it was in the States, where I felt at home, or in other words, was with the flag. That makes lots of difference. For when you are with the flag, you can be much more independent and saucier than in a strange land with a couple of fearless Spaniards. Will never forget the troublesome insects, and the hot tropical sun of Honduras and Salvador. We had just crossed the line between Honduras and Salvador, and another day was fast passing away. We had made slow progress, and would be compelled to remain over night in what I called insect valley. I kept my eyes on the insects, especially the mosquitoes. They looked like gallinippers, and hungry as horse flies. I soon caught on, and as long as I could see, fought them to a finish. Felix and Jerome had gathered enough fuel to keep a glowing fire during the night; for light and smoke we must have. And with that light and smoke I gave the boys two dollars apiece to help me out and save me from looking like a three cent jumping-

jack, and perhaps save my life. When morning dawned and I was snailing it around our little camp-fire, the boys remarked that Azariah Frejolity looked very much like ox-tail soup. I was fasting, I was weak. I thought, "gee whiz! I wish I had a little lacteal nourishment from some brindle bovine." I settled with the boys early, and Jerome went out and shot a small animal, so he said, but, I said, "it was the size of a half-grown American bull dog, and resembled the same."

"Now, boys," said Jerome, "what will we have, a roast or a boil?"

"Well," said I, "we can't stay here all day to roast that pup, so I'll take for mine a large porter-house or a big hamburg." He didn't know either of the two cutlets from gooseberry jam. Anyway, we ate of it, and I was just about as hungry as I was that evening I took supper at Daddy Seymouth's over in Kingston. In this case I had no variety to choose from, and that was all right. I was at a place where I accepted of small favors and large ones in proportion. Anyhow, I ate my share of the animal and without bread of any kind; was satisfied and thankful that I was standing on my pins, as it was a very sickly country for an American to be moving in. We saw a great many wild animals and different species of birds of all

sizes and colors. Occasionally we would see a large reptile seeking its hiding in some crevice of the rocks, and others laying out in the hot sun on the limb of a tree, waiting a chance to alight on something or nothing. I did not get curious to investigate or to pound the life out of them. "Oh no, but just kept moving. And hot? Say, the sunny South isn't in it with Honduras and Salvador. I'll bet icicles would be a fine article for those natives to play with. I think if I had struck one of those large cakes of ice that nature gives to North Dakota, I would have stood pat; at least, until the sun went down."

I will say that during my ten years as a journeyman barber, I never troubled a brother workman to do my shaving. That was my own bother. Not that I did not like to be shaved by another workman, "oh no, but it saved the time of one workman and making it a little more convenient for the customers that might be waiting, or that might come in during the operation." Before I left Boston I disposed of my kit of tools all but one pair of shears and a couple of choice razors. One of them being an old Tally-ho ground to a three-fourths concave, while the other one was a Heinisch and ground to a full concave. These two razors gave me entire satisfaction, for they usually

held up in any rush that might happen to come along. And should they become a little too smooth to suit me, a few strokes over the blue water hone and they would be ready for another rush. As I was going to say, that I had not shaved myself since I left Kingston, but I did, just before I reached Truxillo, Honduras. So thought I would again rid myself of the itching bristles before I reached San Salvador. When through, Felix and Jerome insisted that I shave them. I did so, and the different appearance of the men made me feel more safe in their company; as they then looked more like gentlemen than villians and cut-throats. Well, we kept snailing along, and it still remained rough and rugged. Off to our left I could see fire and smoke belching forth from a high peak, a volcano, and the first that I had ever witnessed. It was grand, and I shall never forget it. We had not traveled more than a couple of miles farther until the rocks commenced to tremble, then shake. We dismounted, for the donkeys could hardly keep on their feet. The shake lasted at least one-half minute, and at times for an hour thereafter we could feel slight traces of, well, I will call it the tail end of the quake. I was thoroughly aroused, and this time my scalp raised; and if Azariah Frejolity was moving, it was slower than mush in a pot.

I, of course, knew that I was trying to get back to Pap's and Mam's log cabin down by the sad ocean waves, and just at that time those ocean waves would have been heaven to me. A fellow that can stand the bumps and bruises that he will fall heir to on that route, should think well of the Universalist's Doctrine, for the punishment he gets is very severe and a wonderful shock to the nervous system.

On we went, and from the time of that shaking of the rocks we made no stops until we reached the city of San Salvador. It was then about six-fifteen P. M. I told the guides to direct me to the best hotel in the city. They did so; then I ordered the two donkeys put up and fed, and we three joined one table at the hotel and took supper together. And we three were hungry enough to have eaten up that colored waiter. I did not tip him, and think that was the cause of our short order. After we had eaten that short order, I gave him a couple of daddies and sent him back to the kitchen. His return this time brought smiles to our faces and slobbers to our mouths. The boys' belts tightened like the rim of a drum, and I would have been in the same condition, but had taken off my belt when I changed my wardrobe from that of light linen to my usual dress suit. Had I not made that change I would have resembled a

fresh swilled pig. When through eating, we three moved to the office in a sort of widdlety waddlety style, for our expansion was a button loosener. At the office I purchased some of the finest cigars in the case, and we enjoyed the same while strolling around some of the principal streets of that city. Finally we came to a large well lighted room and thought we would like to see what kind of a strain of cattle was on the interior, and in we went. I at once discovered it was a saloon, or a place to drink and gamble. The first thing I did was to put a tener on the four, and copped out forty. Felix and Jerome's eyes bunged out like peeled onions. Everybody drank, and Frejolity was the whole push. I didn't have the least idea we could get drinks made in Kentucky, but thought I would try and called for some Bourbon. The gentleman at the helm said "That name reminds me very much of old Kentucky," and raised the stuff to the bar. I remarked, that I expected I had drank a few gallons of that same material over in Covington, and not far from a pear tree. He said, he knew nothing of the pear tree, but as I was an American, we would shake and have a good time together. I told him my name was Azariah Frejolity, and that my home was in Southern California, where I had been, what I had been

doing, and that I was just returning to my Pa's cabin home. And with my yellow streak experience that I had gone through with, I thought I would surely be ready to settle down in the neighborhood of my birthplace. He gave me his name as George Waldorf, from Detroit, Mich. Also told me when and how I could reach a Pacific port that would let me out for San Francisco on the following evening. As the hour was getting late, and the bulk of our conversation had been chewed over, the guides and I bid Mr. Waldorf good-night and left his place of business nicely corned up; reaching our hotel at eleven-thirty P. M., leaving a call with the night clerk for six-thirty A. M., and were shown to our room which had been arranged with two beds for my convenience and safety. I was to leave the city on the following morning at nine A. M., for San Jose, Guatamala, and from which port I would board ship for San Francisco. So I thought it best to settle my bill with Felix and Jerome at once. I was to pay the boys \$50.00 apiece, but concluded that if they would do it, I would give each of them a donkey and forty dollars in money; of which they accepted quite cheerfully. We then retired for the night. Felix and Jerome occupying one bed, while I made good time in the other; with all mosquitoes barred out. Morn-

ing dawned, and we were called on time. We then took a drink of Bourbon from a flask presented to me by my friend Mr. Waldorf, then going to the dining-room we ate our breakfast, smoked, and with all bills settled, I and my little valise started for the depot; and the guides I suppose returned to Truxillo from whence they came. The distance from San Salvador to San Jose, Guatamala, is but eighty-five miles; and I soon reached my destination. I was only in the city of San Jose about three hours until I boarded ship for San Francisco. While in San Jose, Guatamala, I thought I would like to go through a part of Mexico at a go-as-you-please and land at the city of Manzanillo, Mexico; then take a vessel from that city to San Francisco. And had I taken that overland route, there would have been that same chain of mountains to contend with that I and my guides had in Honduras and Salvador. And my experience in crossing those rocks had caused me to look like a weezel. I was tired of all kinds of waves, and especially water waves. And yet, we were, and had been gliding along serenely. The first place at which our vessel stopped after leaving San Jose, Guatamala, was Manzanillo, Mexico. It was then 2 o'clock P. M. and we would remain in the harbor until the following day about that same hour. Time was not at a

premium with me, so I would just take a little peep at some of the Greasers and half-breed Indians. It beats the duce how the natives do watch an American in those tropical countries. And you give them, or a great many of them, the least chance, they will relieve their best friend of his money, if it required a few knife stabs to accomplish it. And the money that is in it is all that would induce me, and I think any other American, to take up their home for just a few of their days, south of the Tropic of Cancer. The ways and mode of living with the lower classes of humanity in Mexico remain just about the same as in Guatamala, Salvador and Honduras. Not so much frail clothing worn in some parts of Mexico as in the other three countries just mentioned, but their brains are just about the same in size. What little time I had in the city of Manzanillo, I saw but two Gray horses. I gave them the sign but they paid no more attention to it than an Egyptian mummy would to a Bashi Bazowk.

The hour had arrived for supper, so I meandered my way back to the vessel, ate that supper, smoked another half-bred cigar, causing me to feel quite weak and trembly and with a cold clammy perspiration on my brow I went to bed. I got up the next morning feeling just fair; went up street, drank a glass

of mothingum, the same article that I took with me when I left Boston harbor. You know I took it with me in case of sickness, and it came very near eating the lining out of my stomach; and what I had left of it I threw overboard. Our next stop was at San Diego, California, the land of the free and the home of the brave. Of course, I was not so brave, but my heart beat with gladness as I traced the outlines of my little cabin home just twelve miles out from San Diego.

The third night out there was on deck an old time Mexican dance, and I remained a guest just long enough to catch on to a few of the changes, then I made a dash for the prettiest Mexican lady on board the ship. Of course, I did not know her, and did not think it necessary that I should. Anyhow, she took my arm and we cake-walked around a couple of minutes, then took our position on the dance floor. We went through with the first change by the sound of a couple of blowing machines of some kind. I was, and had been, hugging up to the little brown lady quite closely, for she was, I thought, awfully nice, and could speak quite a good deal of broken English. That of course just suited me, and I stuck to her like a porous plaster. Presently I could see that a few of the roughs and toughs were becoming somewhat opposed

to my staying qualities, but I kept up those same staying qualities just the same, and in going through with the latter part of the second change, some big fat Greaser tripped me and you should have seen me flatten out. And in that flatten out I struck the left side of my face and mouth on a chair that stood near by, knocking one tooth out and loosening two others. "Say, if there was ever a mad ex-barber it was Azariah Frejolity." And the more my mouth swelled the angrier I became. Anyhow, I had the Greaser spotted that did the mischief, and was about to draw my forty-four gun on him, but for the little lady, she warned me not to do so as they would at once stab me to the heart and throw me overboard. Well, I did not care about any overboard business in mine, as I was looking for land, not water. Anyhow, the lady and I finished that dance together, after which I retired to my state-room, while the dance went merrily on. I, of course, had not been stabbed and was still on board the ship. While sitting in my state-room seeking revenge on that dance, a thought struck me that I had in my valise a small bit of Cayenne pepper that I used occasionally mixed up with hot water and sugar to warm up my stomach; as I was troubled at times with flatulency, and the hot tea warmed up that or-

gan and gave me relief. I finally found the pepper and fixed it up in a way that it could be dusted over the dance floor easily, and I thought, without being detected by anyone. I then hired a fearless half-breed Indian to do the dusting; paying him in advance with a nice bright two and one-half dollar gold coin, and with instructions how to operate, and if caught in the act, he would either be shot, stabbed or thrown overboard. All was ready and I once more returned to my little three by six and awaited the result. It was but a short time until that result came, and that that dance soon ended was a sure thing. It seemed, the way they were all sneezing, that the hay fever had struck the vessel about proper; and with the sneezing I could hear a fuss brewing, and it was waxing warm. In another short period of time I heard eight or ten shots fired in close succession, and by the hustle and bustle on that vessel I well knew that a fight was on. I thought to myself, "let her go Riley," I'll just stay right here in this little hole the balance of this eve. There I stood braced against that door, with my ear against that same door and my revolver in hand. It sounded like a part of the fight was working its way towards my room. "Well, say, I felt that same cord of wood moving up and down my back that I did in the different parts of the

states, and on my way to Honduras, and at Honduras, and through Honduras, and any other duras." Anyhow, I stood there shaking like a Kansas blizzard, thinking every moment that they might come after me, but they did not. And as I had not quite shaken off my wardrobe, so thought I would leave it on and save me the bother of dressing a few hours later on. I reckon the fierce part of the fight lasted ten minutes, and from start to finish, one-half hour. I "sorter" cat napped it until I heard a call for breakfast; thinking a great deal of the time about the half-breed and what had become of him. Well, breakfast had been called and I felt just a little bit afraid to venture out; fearing that some of those heathens might yet do me violence. However, I had my face fixed up for the occasion, with perhaps the same kind of stuff that some of those Greasers had; especially my mouth. I did finally venture out, and the first thing that I did was to make a bee-line for the dining-room, and while eating, made it a point to catch onto as much of the conversation as possible concerning the battle. It seemed as though it was fierce and to a finish. I felt sure that the half-breed had come out of that fight with less corpuscles than when he entered the ring; anyhow, I would soon see. I finished my breakfast, then leisurely strolled

over the vessel taking in the sights, while I suppose I myself was a sight of amusement to the other sight seekers. "And say, of all the skinned and bunged up faces that I ever looked at, I saw on that vessel. Of course, I was right in line, but a beaut by the side of some of them. It looked as though they had seized some village circus tent and used it for court plaster. I thought of Mail Pouch and Polar Bear advertisements on the barns in the States." I finally met the half-breed that I gave the gold coin to for doing the mischief, and he had come out of that fight with both eyes swelled shut and as black as my eyes were the time I got hit square between them at St. Louis with a base ball. I guess I was trying to give them the squalling act and did not get out of the way soon enough, or the ball came in ahead of time; I don't know which; neither did I care. There were two Mexicans shot and thrown overboard, while two others were seriously injured by knife wounds, and from the City of Mexico. The fifth man took all of his out in bumps. He was a Spaniard and from Havana, Cuba. All three of the injured men were bound for San Diego, California. I steered clear of the little Mexican lady after that fight, and all the pleasure that we experienced thereafter was done by an eyeball focus. On my trip through the States

I met and formed the acquaintance and friendship of two jolly good fellows. Their names were Boliver and Chink-eye. How often I thought of them and wished that they could have been with me from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. And especially from the time I left San Jose, Guatamala, until I reached San Diego, California. If such could have been the case, I am sure the monotony of that trip would have been broken. For, I believe, we three stars with clubs and bars, would have talked, motioned and hammered into some of their tropical knots the art of American manners. And I am hoping that I may at sometime not far distant meet them again. I loved them dearly, and would do the same by them as I would a brother.

My ticket to San Francisco and my cabin home in the country twelve miles from San Diego, did not correspond to suit me. When I purchased that ticket, it was my desire to once more visit the Golden City, but the distance still being so far, I decided to sell my ticket and stop off at San Diego. I was getting very anxious to get back to my cabin home, for, I felt and knew, that there was no spot on earth sweeter to me than "home sweet home." We landed at San Diego on Wednesday evening at about nine o'clock, and the wounded men were not yet able to walk

from the vessel to a place of staying, and were carried on stretchers to, I suppose, some Good Samaritan Inn. I made no inquiry about them, for I did not care. Those fellows were too treacherous for my generosity or curiosity. I did though, bid my hired man, or the half-breed Indian a friendly good-bye; and with a present of a five dollar bill. He thanked me for it and said, "Well, Mr. Frejolity, I hope your pathway through life may be strewn with flowers, and that you may live long and prosper." I thought that pretty good language for him to use, as he did not look it; but I thanked him and said, that some time in the future, I hoped, we would meet again. We then parted. And had we both remained on that vessel, and had I gotten into trouble of any kind, I know I would have had a friend in that same Indian. I did not wait until morning to go home, "Oh, no;" but hired a swift livery team to take me out, and a perfect gentleman for the driver. My parents did not know of my coming and I would surely give them a big surprise. We reached my little cabin home about 11:30 P. M. I settled with the driver, and bidding him good-night he went his way. On reaching the door I stopped to listen, all was quiet within. I then gave three distinct taps on that same door. "Hello," came a voice. "Who is there?"

"Azariah Frejolity," said I.

"All right," said Pap, and the quietness of that home had made somewhat of a change. I thought by the sound that father and mother had fallen over all the chairs, tables and boxes in the cabin. They, together, did get a tallow candle lighted, then the door swung open and in stepped Frejolity Jr., with his little valise. They kissed me, patted me on the back, smoothed down my coat and acted like little children. Every once in a while mother would pull off, I thought, a couple of inches of burned candle wicking, then we would have a little brighter light for a while. Well, after the excitement had died down somewhat, mother grabbed the old-fashioned iron tea-kettle, and must make her boy a cup of good strong tea, and eat the same kind of a lunch that I used to in days gone by. I did not object, for I well knew that I would appreciate anything that mother would set before me. We remained up all night, and when daylight came, mother asked me if I had anything special in my mind that I would like to have for breakfast. "Yes, mother, I have. Let's have some of the old-fashioned corn-cakes, and a good supply of nice yellow butter to slide them down to their destination." Mother favored me, and I felt some of them going

down my neck full size. They were good because mother had made them; and made them as she did when I was a boy. Old-fashioned, you know, not so now; some smart pastry cook has changed the ingredients in the recipe, as the old-fashioned way did not prey severely enough on the interior of chicken gizzards, I suppose, to suit the doctors. Well, after breakfast we walked out and over the little farm. Everything looked just as grand as it ever did. And why not? Father was a man who never made improvements for style, and old-fashioned like I saw the farm and its grand foliage once more.

On our return to the house a large long legged rooster crossed our path with such remarkable speed that I could not help but notice it. And father remarked, that nothing but a bullet could catch that fellow, and that if he had his rifle he would give him a whirl. At that I offered him my forty-four revolver that I carried all the way from Boston to San Diego, California, for my protection in case I needed such. Father would not use the revolver and insisted that I try my skill on Mr. Rooster. So mother started him our way, and the way he came was awful. When he had gotten within a distance of ten yards of me, I blazed away, catching him in the neck. A chance

shot, for I was no marksman. Anyhow, he stopped, and father thought I was a Buffalo Bill. We had him for our dinner for our stomachs' sake, and especially, so mother said, for her prodigal son. A roasted rooster instead of a fatted calf. My, but it was rich and juicy. To tell the truth about it, my appetite had no choice of foods, everything went down just the same to me. Well, after I had been at home about three weeks I received a draft from Mr. Rollins for ten thousand dollars for the real estate that I had left in his care, and with instructions for him to send me that amount, and all over that belonged to him. I do not know how much he made, neither do I care. I was having troubles enough for the kind that they were. Anyhow, after receiving that draft I became very restless and uneasy, and, that roaming disposition came back to me again. I tried my very best, but could not feel contented. My mind continually wandered back to different cities and scenes of pleasure. And especially that country school-house out four miles from Boston. And that farmer's daughter, Glenn Holcumb. It had been some three years since we parted, and as I said before, my scalp was welcome to that lady at any old time. So I thought I would just write her a letter, make it short, sweet,

and to the point. I addressed her in this way:

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA,
January 15th, 1901.

MISS GLENN HOLCUMB,
Boston, Mass.

My sweet little lady, if you will allow me to call you such. I think when you read this letter and know that it is from Frejolity, you will be happily surprised. It has now been some three years since we parted, and you may be a married lady months gone by. If so, please take it for granted that I was ignorant of the fact, and pardon me. Should it be otherwise, which I hope it is, then this letter may be a success, and I will be a much happier man. A part of those three years that we have been separated I lived and moved on water. That is, you know what I mean, I was on a little canoe, it moved and so did I. I, of course, boarded on that same canoe, sometimes, and some other times, I did not board on that same canoe, neither did I board on the water, and yet I was living on board. Now, my little darling, wasn't that nice? I don't think I was troubled so much with uncertainties, and at the same time, I had enough certainties. I knew that I was on the vessel, I also knew that there were white, brown and black squalls, for I heard them squalling,

especially during the storms. My success in Central America was sweeter than honey and the honey comb, and I am now, as you are aware, at my little cabin home in Southern California, and but a short distance from the sad ocean waves, where I shall remain till the end of time; that is, my time. I have purchased a little farm that has soil for any and all purposes, and with a pretty little cottage on that same farm, just your size; that is, you are small, so is the cottage. We can raise plenty of good material to eat on the farm, and then some. I suppose you have not forgotten about the night that Chink-eye and I took tea at your home, as that is the stylish way of putting it? But we, Chink-eye and myself, always called them fillers. I so often thought of our few minutes of secret conversation on that eventful night, and that beautiful April shower that we thought had, or would lengthen itself out into the month of May. Your father's pants, and the bean soil that I carried into Boston on them. I left orders with Chink-eye to have those pants nicely cleaned up and returned to your father with many thanks. He promised that he would attend to that for me. But above all in my good time experience, was that of Master Joseph Stubbs on "Marco Bozzaris." It was rather the richest piece of laughable oratory

that I ever experienced and has brought to my mind many times since many happy recollections. By the way, does that young orator still reside in that niche of woods? If so, I hope I may have the pleasure of listening to a little more of his oratory before I retire from this world. And still another pleasure of more importance, which is this, I am now ready and so fixed financially to retire to a married man's life, and am wanting a sweet little companion, like yourself; and if your love for me is strong enough to bear with me the pleasures and displeasures, famines, pestilences, panics and any and all troubles that come and go with husband and wife, you are mine. Please give this proposal sufficient thought and report to me at once. With love and best wishes to you, and that the result of your meditations may prove to be a joy to us both forever. Awaiting your answer, and if it says, "Yours till death," it will bring me to you at the speed of a jack-rabbit, and then some. And ere long we will be sitting cosily together on a little rustic tête, down by a little shady stream fishing for mullet heads. Tiring of that, thence to our cosy little porch on our little cottage home on the farm. I'll teach you all about fishing and hunting down the fowls of the air, and of course, as you are a little flower girl, we have them here galore, with

all varieties. And we will try to our utmost to live out our remaining days together on Easy Street. With kindest regards to the family, and a sweet little kiss for yourself, I remain lovingly,

AZARIAH FREJOLITY,
San Diego, California.

In just three weeks I had a reply from my little one, and all was as lovely as a rose with her. She agreed to share one-half and more, if need be, of the troubles that might fall to our lot. Let them be good, bad or indifferent. And that I should speed my way at my convenience. I did so, and just as quick as I could push a pair of pants and shirt into my little valise. Father and mother knew of my intentions, and took me to the station. After bidding me good-bye, and wishing me the best of success, we parted. On arriving at Boston City, the first thing I did was to look up my old friend Chink-eye. I soon found him, and he was still scraping off lather; when he saw me, I thought he would fall dead, but he did not. When I told him of my mission, he was so overjoyed and became so nervous that one of the other men finished his man. I found, during my absence, that the rascal had married Glenn's sister, Fairy. We had a great plenty to talk about, and no time was lost. On the following day which

was Thursday, I started for Glenn's home. I soon landed on the spot, and as happy as a yellow hammer. So was Glenn. Her father met me at the end of the street car line with a horse and carriage, and a smile on his face as long as a rail. At the gateway the other members of the family greeted me likewise. And Glenn, to cap the climax, gave me a couple of those old-fashioned spelling school kisses, that made me feel as though my mission here on this earth had been fulfilled. I had made up my mind that by a little hustling Glenn could get ready for the ceremony on the coming Sunday evening, and that we could start for San Diego on the following Monday morning. All was right with Glenn. She would be ready when the time arrived for the ceremony to take place. We all pitched into the work like a lot of hungry students into a dish of oat meal. And by 10:30 P. M. on Saturday night all was ready for the occasion. But it left the sewing-machine a complete wreck. On Sunday morning we all got ready and went to church in the country, and by the way, who did I see but that orator, Joseph Stubbs. He still remembered me and the time I told him to call it a hog and go on. We laughed it over and parted as friends. Our marriage was to take place at 8 P. M., and at 7 P. M. all the looking glasses from

that of a large French plate to a vest-pocket mirror were at a premium. It reminded me very much of the time I was watching and waiting for Clara and Mae Seymouth at Kingston, Jamaica. Of course, I was not so much interested in that affair as I was in this. You see, in this case it was two hearts that beat as one, and in the Kingston case it was to look sweet. They were pretty and that means sweet. I detained the ceremony, perhaps, fifteen minutes, as I had purchased for this occasion a laundered shirt, and the bosom and back of that shirt had been starched and pressed together as if glued. I, of course, being a little excited, experienced considerable trouble in getting that shirt ready, and getting into that same shirt. In trying to pull the two parts apart, I tore it from center to circumference, but with a superhuman effort I got the garment pinned together, into it and out of it as soon as an opportunity was given me. "Gee! but those pins were great stickers." On the following morning another scene took place. Good-byes, with sighs and cries. I could not blame them for they loved their daughter and sister, and so did I. And for her to go from Boston to San Diego, Cal., not knowing whether they would ever see each other again, hurt them. But I promised them that I would give Glenn a happy home, and

that we would return and pay them a visit in a few short years. The brother had driven up to the gate with the carriage, and in five minutes more we would be off for the station. The crying and hugging was fierce, and Chink-eye stood there like a marble statue. I looked at him and said, "Well, brother Chink-eye, do you think that you will lather and shave long enough that you will make the turn from that of a barber to an old Gray horse?"

"I really don't know," said he, "But I think if I should attend many occasions of this kind, I would turn into a shaving horse."

"Well, Chink-eye," said I, "If you ever make that turn, leave orders to be shipped by express C. O. D. to Azariah Frejolity, San Diego, California, and I'll feed you on the fat of the land." At that remark all was ready to start, and we four and the brother stepped into the carriage and were off, leaving father and mother Savers standing at the gate of their beautiful country home in tears. We arrived at the station just in time to make me hustle and bustle for our tickets. I bought them through to our destination, but to stop off at any city we might see fit. With a quick shake of the hand all around, and with a few kisses we were off for the Golden State of California, Glenn's new home. The first

city that we stopped off at was New York. We saw piles of the coin of the realm in the windows. We did not see Jollie, Hannah, or the white fish, neither did we see rats, roosters or the Yucon River. When we arrived at Philadelphia, I told my wife ("gee-whiz, but that sounds funny, my wife"), that this was a city of pigtails, bullets and kickers, and to keep her eye on the indicator. Our next stop was at Baltimore, and we were lifted off the coach by a big Irish conductor, maybe that suited my wife, but it made Azariah feel revengeful. I told my wife that Baltimore was a city with Billy-goats in it; and that I had taken the royal bumper degree, and that it killed Billy. There were also hair pullers, thieves and whangdoodles in that city, and to keep her right eye on her little pocket satchel. At Washington, D. C., Mrs. Frejolity said, "Azariah, how do you like this city?" To this I replied, "Out of sight; lots of pretty ladies in this city, in fact the Lord has scattered them promiscuously for the barbers and ex-barbers in this land of the free and home of the brave." This remark caused her to become a little warm around the collar, and was ready to start for Cincinnati, Ohio. We did not go to New Orleans, as it was somewhat out of our route. Anyhow, when we arrived at Cincinnati, I remarked to my

angel wife, for that she was, "That in this city they manufactured corn-husker barbers, arrested people for protecting themselves, and their sister city, Covington, Ky., sold old mother Lenox's soap-suds for soda water, and used pear trees for stoppers for wild gorillas like myself. She laughed and said, "Azariah, are you losing your mind?" Of course, I mentioned to her of Hortense Austin, and myself going to Cedar Point and Hortense filling in on too much lake water, and the little Indian Village of Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Well, Chicago would be our next place of stopping, and when our train pulled into Indianapolis, my wife said, "Say, Azariah, where are we now?"

"Well," said I, this is Indianapolis, a beautiful city, a city where policemen are policemen from their birth. There used to be a lady in this city by the name of Morarity, and one night there was a man concealed himself behind a large crimson rambler and looking for her homely mug, when all of a sudden that same man went out from behind that rambler like a bung out of a barrel. Then I heard Miss Morarity squalling (from an upstairs window), "Aurevoir Rhiney, Aurevoir." Old congress shoes took an active part in that race and Frejolity once more shook his trilbies. Our next round-up was at Chicago, the second

city, I think in the world. I told my wife of the large brainless feet in that city and that boisterous board of trade. Of the old Gray turn that was killed by a street car, and that his hair was parted in the middle. She laughed and said, "Well, Azariah, with all your faults, I love you still."

On arriving at St. Louis, I felt sad at heart, knowing that in this city was where I lost my friend Shorty. But consoling myself with the thought that he would never have to eat hay. My wife thought we had gotten about far enough from Boston, and proposed that we settle down in St. Louis. I said, "Oh, my, we can't do that, who would feed the little chickies way down by the sad ocean waves?" She smiled and gave me one of those sweet kisses. "Say, my wife, isn't for sale or trade, and I shall always remain true to her, and the bean soil of Massachusetts." We stopped at Denver for two days, and that beautiful city with its intelligent and sociable humanity almost blasted our noodles. We finally reached San Francisco, where we remained three days. At this city we purchased the most of our out-fit for our little home on the farm, and having a jolly good time with many new acquaintances and old friends. Our next stopping place would be San Diego, just twelve miles from the farm. I had tele-

graphed father to meet us at the station with a conveyance. He was there with the old black mare and a humpbacked phaeton. And to say that father and mother were happy over my choice of Glenn for my companion through life, is putting it mild. I thought that they loved her more than they did their son Azariah, but concluded it was all imagination on my part. The farm that I had purchased lay adjoining my father's in what is called out here the Pacific Beach. The wild flowers were blooming, the bees were humming, the sweet songs of the birds in the bush, and the change of climate, were pleasures untold to my little wife, Glenn Frejolity. And that she loves her new home is shown by her smiles and caresses, and we are now living as happily together as two bugs in a jug. I am,

Yours truly,

AZARIAH FREJOLITY.

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